

The Elks

JULY, 1938



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Above: The Auditorium, situated on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, where Grand Exalted Ruler Hart will speak at the Convention this month.

A Farewell Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

My Brothers:

As the 74th Annual Convention of our Grand Lodge approaches, it is gratifying to receive the reports of progress in the Subordinate Lodges of our Order.

Our membership shows the largest gain in fifteen years despite adverse economic conditions.

I attribute this to the splendid lodge activities program in most of our lodges which resulted in holding the interest of our members. The selective membership campaign under the direction of our Grand Lodge State Associations Committee was particularly effective.

The Elks National Safety Movement resulted in the saving of many lives and incidentally was productive of much good will to our Order on the part of the general public. This was due to the enthusiastic and generous support of the officers and members of our Subordinate Lodges.

May I ask that every lodge send its delegate or delegation to Atlantic City? The Convention will be the culmination of a year of achievement. We expect to have the finest parade in our history—a pageant of patriotism and national defense in which the Army, Navy, State Militias and Coast Guard will join.

Permit me to thank you, my Brothers, for a most happy year. The names and faces of thousands

of Brothers, far and near, come to my memory as I here express my thanks. May our Order continue to grow in strength and in the esteem of the people of our country. May it remain at the forefront of every patriotic and civic movement and may its principles continue to inspire us to tread the way of friendliness and happiness.

And so—"Farewell! A word that must be—and has been, a sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

Gratefully and sincerely,

Chas Spencer Hart

Grand Exalted Ruler.

The spacious and fully equipped Home of Atlantic City, N. J. Lodge, host to the 74th Convention of the Grand Lodge. The Home is situated on the famous Boardwalk.





The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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JULY 1938

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By Carroll E. Robb

IN the deep and daylight middle of the morning, before the show world waked, the beast-tenders worked around the basement cages under Lally's Hippodrome—stablemen, in their hostlers' uniforms and smell of straw and animals; rope-handlers; cleaners, with rakes and fodder-forks and hose—sweaty, dank-haired men with faces and head types of the mob, ancient and unselected by distinction. They had the weird and altogether improbable features that most of humanity has—foils to the celebrated few, the seamy side of splendor, the shadow to the spotlight.

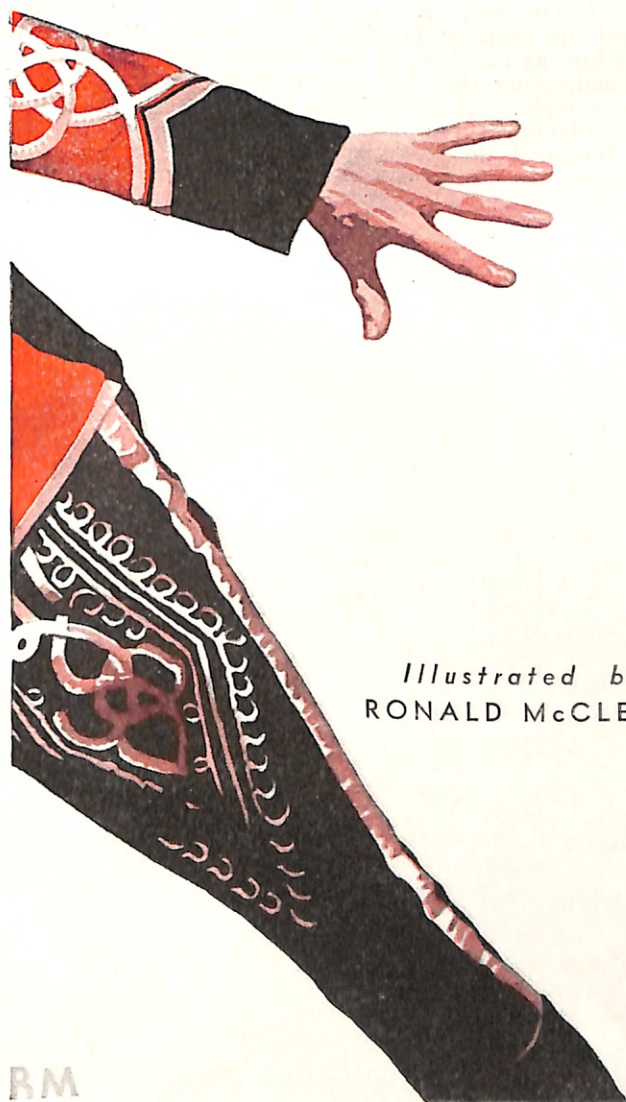
The trapped air breathed the close musk and rank aroma of the wild beasts—cage-kept, and herded in these obscure and fantastic byways of man's world. The beasts were mostly quiet and unsleeping. The lions lay, or paced with restless unambition, in their dens, branded with the prison habit of indolent bodies and stalking eyes. They seemed in endless revery, held by the invisible meshes of a waking dream in a preposterous world of bars and chains, of insane lights and smells and noises, of a mad congregation of the apes called men—themselves listeners to meaningless confusion, spectators of insanity, atrophied in root and source of the self-expression which alone makes reality.

Even when they opened their cave-like mouths to roar, they roared only among ghosts. They seemed to stare, not at the incredible and nightmare men near by, but out across the prodigious distances, the fabulous remoteness of time, towards the memory of the reality they had lost—the wild, pungent odors of the jungle, the dark and deadly intimacy of the forest, the stealthy stalking of the wide and whispering veldt. Some day this mad phantasmagoria of cages must end; and reality come back; and the kill follow the hunt, as it used to do.

Suddenly, appearing out of nowhere, without an-

nouncement, as the gods come, Riccardo, the lion tamer, was standing upon the swept earthen flooring of the menagerie pit. He was first seen stationary, already there, already posed to give recognition the moment it must desire—a floridly handsome young man in trousers and shirt, and the bearing of primeval simplicity which despises the hypocrisy of modesty and speaks at once as the master. He knew that he was Riccardo; and all the world knew that he was Riccardo. Then he moved forward with the supple, catlike, effortless advance of the knife-fighter, the rope-walker, the beast tamer—to him, the slight, economical shadings of movement meant the shadings between life and death.

Hundred Times



Illustrated by
RONALD McCLEOD

A young woman, a girl, came behind him, almost at his elbow—a small-boned, precise and jewel-featured creature, lithe and trim, in a short skirt and blouse, with a small cape over one shoulder. She had the composed alertness of trained skill—a small martinet of showman's discipline.

Riccardo nodded to the handlers. He singled out the chief handler, and smiled—he could afford to smile, to handlers, to anybody.

"Hello, Murta," he said.

The chief handler was a long-faced, big-eared man, spare-framed, thin-fleshed—a body long drawn out, with the surly and ancient look of one who knows that he is thought to be nobody, but is sardonically willing to give

out of his supposed nothingness whatever is needed for the salvation of the world.

"Hello, Signor," he said. "Hello, Signorina"—he knew these titles if he knew nothing else; he spoke them glibly, being either above or below caring how he pronounced them.

The girl smiled. She had a quick, heart warming smile—a sudden bloom of humanity glimpsed for a disarming instant under the calyx sheath of her trained performer's manner. Riccardo himself turned to look at her; and his own smile broadened. Then he looked back at the handler; and nodded reassuringly.

"We just look around a little," he said.

He stopped smiling. He tilted his chin, and looked around at the cages, his eyes turning somber with a skilled inspection.

"All right, hey?" he asked—he did not expect an answer.

His omniscient eye settled upon the cage of the lion named Zulu—the king of them all, a giant, a tawny god of the jungle, a catapult held in leash, a slumbering avalanche. Riccardo's eye glittered as it looked, glowed with the love-light of possession and pride and mastery—the fabulous beast was his jewel, the treasure of his fame—subjugated, but the partner of his greatness.

Riccardo looked back at Murta; and raised his eyebrows as a mother does over a baby, as a hunter does over rare game that he means to slaughter.

"He is all right, hey?" he asked.

Murta looked easily at the cage—whatever the great beast was, he was not Murta's funeral.

"I'd call him restless"—he looked at the lion with the masterly and detached judgment of the hanger-on, the wiseacre of the railbirds, the showman's drudge who had seen showmen come and go, himself timeless, outliving the brief and gaudy heroes—"He might be likely to do something if he had the chance," he said.

Riccardo looked alertly towards the lion. The yellowish flame of the beast's eyes had been on the man for minutes. Under the man's gaze, the lion reared slowly from its crouch—a giant in chains, tawny and primeval in a titan's strength, damned by feeble-bodied and inscrutable gods to smothering impotence and the canker-fury of chagrin.

Murta, at Riccardo's side, surveyed the smouldering beast calmly. His eyes looked fathomless wisdom from under his bushy earth-man's brows. He said nothing. The other man—Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander, Riccardo, the All Conqueror, the master of skill that works in lightning flashes—stepped slowly towards the cage.

"He needs another lesson," he said. "I will show him—I, Riccardo. He will not be restless with me."

Murta shrugged. He had shrugged in this way from a thousand-year-old lifetime of experience to unheeding young geniuses of the arena—most of whom were now forgotten, cripples, or bones in the graveyard. He looked at the fine and gaudy boy, Riccardo.

"He is all yours, Signor," he said.

Riccardo went to the high-wheeled cage, and stood by the short steps that led to the gate—staring coolly through the bars. The girl came with him, and stopped just behind him.

"He will be all right," Riccardo said evenly. His eyes were on the lion. He did not look back at the girl.

The lion's smouldering eyes were on the man—a single dwarf from that mad, two-legged world of dwarfs who inhabited this unreality. The man went up the frail flight of steps to the cage gate. He pushed the gate open and went into the cage. He closed the gate behind him, always facing the lion.

"Give me the whip," he said.

He reached behind him, without taking his eyes from the beast's, and took through the bars the whip which Murta handed him.

"All right," he said evenly.

For the fraction of a moment, the beast dared to look at the man—from out of the wild and aboriginal jungle, out of the dark and beginning days of creation, the great brute looked at the small, domineering man, the frail and last created master of creation. Then the brute's eyes avoided the man's.

The man held the whip horizontal, motionless, between himself and the beast. He stepped slowly, smoothly, towards the lion. The beast backed raggedly, quartering the shallow depth of the cage to its uttermost recess. His head tossed—an anguished searching for escape from this haunting nightmare. He gave a choking roar—the baffled echo of pandemonium.

The man raised the handle of his whip with a jerk, as though he were catching fish.

"Hup!" he cried.

The girl outside watched. She knew what she was watching—she had the manner of the initiated, the knowing eyes, the judging carriage of the head. She said nothing. Motionless, pale, small and weak amidst the looming cages of the great beasts, she seemed scarcely to breathe. She was quiet with the repose of people whose lives lie upon the balance of a hair.

The lion was reared back on three legs. One fore-leg was raised and gesturing with the vagueness of brutes and children—he was in a world in which strength was no longer strength, in which giants were held down by pygmies, in which fangs that had torn buffalo were baffled by a whip lash no bigger than a whisper—in which the stealth and stalk of hunting in the vast night, the titan leap, the fanged stroke of death, were all baffled and choked down into a cardboard show, fenced back by a hedge of white-faced, staring goblins on two legs, and maddened by the shouts of confusing commands.

"Hup!" the man said again.

The lion slowly lowered the gesturing leg. He recoiled on his haunches. He opened his mouth. The great lower jaw dropped open, showing the white fangs behind the receded lips bared to the gum sockets, and the hot, dark pit beyond. His glance roamed wildly, anguishedly, over the man-constructed, man-serving trap of the cage. His soul seemed crying out against the incredible enchantment which held him.

Riccardo thrust his head into the mouth—it was his act, the summit of his fame, the unique and crowning glory of his art, the target of the eyes of crowds, the headline of the show, the thing he lived by—an eggshell offered to the jaws of a steel shears. The jaws held steady—stretched, impotent, gagged by moral domination. A gnat, a weak-limbed insect, was inside the lion's jaws, and the lion could not crush him nor did he know why he could not.

Riccardo withdrew his head. He backed slowly from the lion. He reached behind his back; pulled open the cage gate; and backed out through it. When he was outside, and the gate closed again, he snapped his whip.

The immobile and watching Signorina breathed a little sigh—and something of her heart and inmost prayers seemed to blow in the little breath.

Riccardo glanced around and saw that the handler, Murta, had been standing close to the bars of the cage with the long, iron-shod pole in his hands. Riccardo's eyes, which had seemed to grow stale and lusterless when he had stepped down from the cage, suddenly glittered.

"Why that?" he cried.

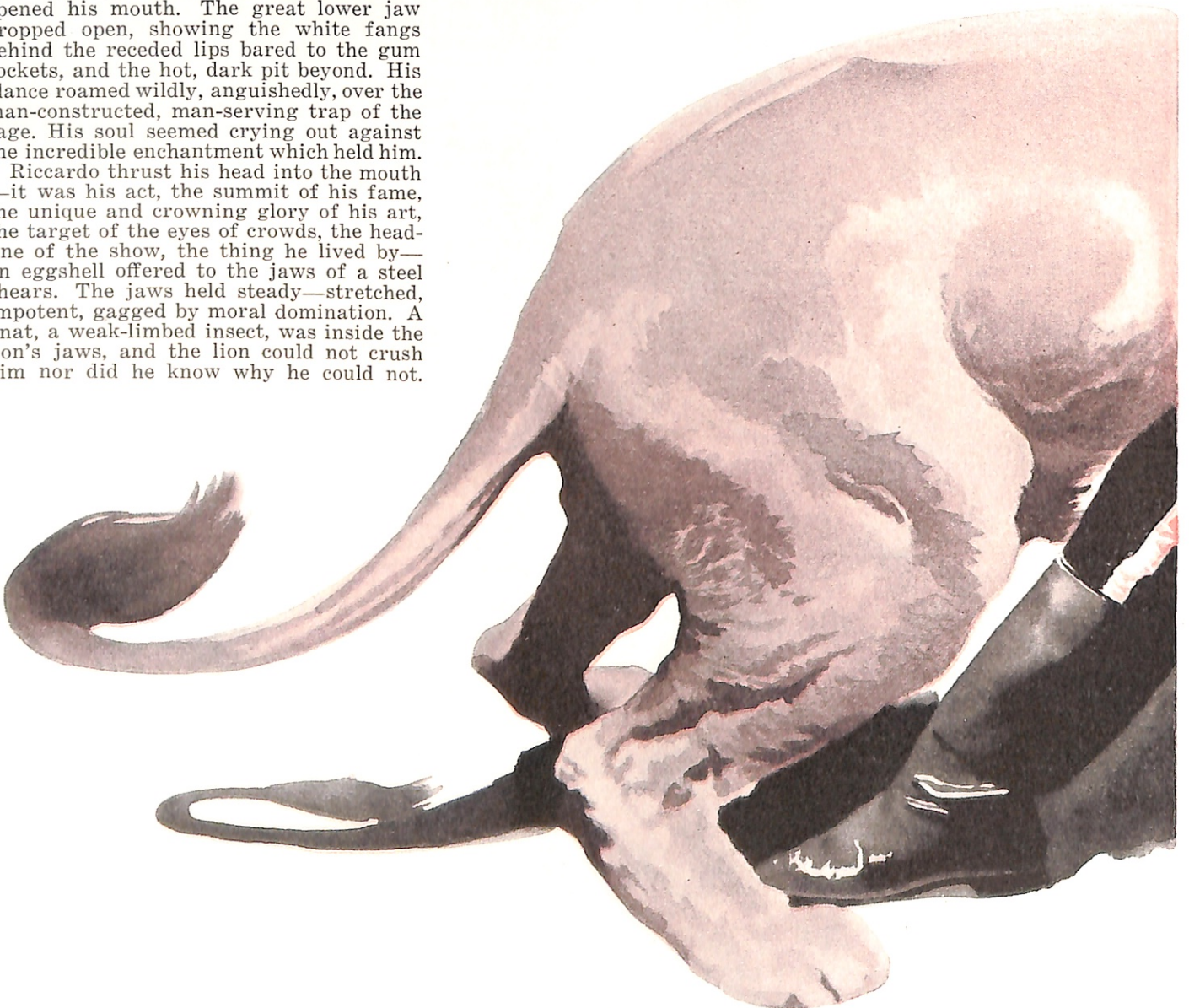
Murta's abused eyes roved over the tamer.

"Sooner or later, a lion always closes his mouth," he said.

The tamer's figure gained an inch or two.

"Who told you that?" he demanded. "He closes his mouth? On me? He closes his mouth?"—Riccardo turned his back on Murta; he made him nothing; he made him as fabulous as last summer's roses; he made him something that had never been. Then he turned back sharply. "If he get me, one time, do you think I would be hopeful of your little pole? What good would that toothpick do between me and my lion?"

"About as much good as a splinter," Murta said—he was a sage; he divorced himself from fools; he



shrugged. Then he looked at the Signorina, appealing to any bystander, seeking the approbation of a fellow which even a sage must have. "You understand, even a splinter is something"—he shrugged again; in any event, it would not be his head that was crushed.

The girl said abruptly, "Riccardo has done it a hundred times."

Murta let his eyes grow big with disallowance of dispute—it was so, or it was not so, let it be as it was. But he had a lean and prophesying look.

"All right, one hundred times," he said. "But there is always the hundred and first."

Riccardo drew the girl angrily away.

"Come on," he said. "We get out—they are all crazy here; they have not even heard of Riccardo."

He drew her along towards the ramp that led up from the basement to the rear of the amphitheater above. When he had gotten part way up the ramp he turned to look back—he stood raised above the cages; his figure towered; his head tilted back, raising the haughty chin until it rebuffed and utterly overlooked the puny world of the handler.

"That splinter!" he said. "Me, Riccardo"—he turned his flashing eyes on the girl, and jerked his head. "Come on, we go up, it is time!"

They emerged at one end of the amphitheater; and the cold air of the vast unheated space struck upon them. The center skylights let brightness drop down

to the floor of the pit in a great cone of clarity; but the sides, under the foot of the galleries, were in shading. Riccardo began to walk across the floor, a giant walking high amidst the ghosts of pygmies. "That splinter—" he muttered.

The girl followed him. She said nothing. She moved in a waxy quietness.

The hippodrome was huge and hollow in the morning. The cave of the theater was like a house of the dead. The galleries rose in tiers, like the high and bygone sides of old three-decker ships, bared to the bones of timbers, manned only by the memories of crews—lost ships in Sargasso, a forest of dead spars with ghostly shreds for canvas. The stricken rows of the seats towered up naked and indecent as the dead, stripped of the robust and vulgar crowding of the host of faces and the rich leafage of women's flaunting colors. The orbs of dead and sightless spotlights canted upwards on their pivots looked like the dull eyes of giant fish basking in the endless time of the seas. Janitors and scrub women were at work—browned and furrowed men and women in khaki and denim, who cared no more for circuses and splendor than oysters do for pearls.

In one corner of the lonely floor, two clowns—acrobats past their prime, aging to the burlesque of their art, in trousers and shirts, with only the flex-soled shoes of their profession to mark them from waiters out of work—practiced a drunken lurch upon a stretched wire—Trojans unplumed and without trappings; magicians and high priests with all their mysteries made bare and practical.

Riccardo and the girl crossed the floor. Riccardo, in the flower and arrogant eternity of youth, ignored alike the wistful and yesterday's glory of the clowns, and the vast and Egyptian sleep and forgetfulness of glory of the tomblike amphitheater. The corridor to the principal dressings rooms opened at one side, under the boxes. Riccardo went down it, to a door that flaunted only the one name upon it, in gilded lettering—"Riccardo". He gave a snorting breath as he opened it—a warhorse breath.

"So!" he said. "Come in, Nina."
(Continued on page 38)



He came on, cramped in evil space—maniac, murderous, but too short at hand for the killing leap. The two bodies closed.



Left: A police car photographed at the scene of a Brooklyn, N. Y., pawn shop robbery, on September 2, 1932. Two bandits were killed.

Acme Newspictures, Inc.

... Calling all Cars!

by Myron M. Stearns

AMERICA is showing the world how to use radio to check crime. Except for a few Canadian cities that are following our clearly-blazed trail, police radio is practically unknown outside the United States. Eager critics volunteering to point out Uncle Samuel's faults might ponder the fact: we are leading the rest of the globe in utilizing the newest and most effective of all weapons against outlaws.

To see how it works let us glance at the show rooms of Joseph Hoffman, dealer in rare stamps, at 29 West 34th Street, New York City. Mr. Hoffman is standing at the moment with both hands raised above his head.

"Move over to the wall!"

There is nothing to do but obey. Two robbers, guns out, are in complete charge. Although Hoffman is sick at the thought of nearly \$40,000 in cash and negotiable securities in the open safe at the end of the room, he is helpless.

At this precise moment, six—not one or two, but six, count 'em, *six!*—policemen come bursting through the door. The robbers are caught redhanded, too amazed, and out-numbered, to resist. Hoffman still has his arms in the air!

Through good detective work, or some leak, the police have perhaps been tipped off, and ambushed their suspects? Not at all. Merely a hardly-more-than-routine incident in the use of police radio.

A few moments before, in the hall of the building outside Hoffman's show rooms, his secretary had become suspicious. Just leaving for lunch, she had noticed three men. One of them she recognized as a pseudo-customer of the day before. He had come in and asked to see various stamps, revealing his ignorance by his questions. Seeing him back again, with companions, she stepped into an elevator and was whisked to another floor. She grabbed a telephone.

Five radio cars responded to the police broadcast. The hold-up artists, believing themselves secure, were a little slow; the patrolmen were almost unbelievably quick. The look-out, instead of giving himself away by warning his companions, ducked, and escaped.

Radio patrol!

Time is the most important element in crime detection. If the police can't actually be on the spot in time to prevent a crime, the next best thing is to get there as soon as possible afterwards. Every minute, every second, adds to the likelihood of the criminal's escape. Clues are lost. Finger-prints are obliterated. Witnesses disappear. Questioned within five minutes, they will be able to give details that, half an hour or an hour later, they will have forgotten. Objects are moved. Curiosity seekers intrude. The trail grows momentarily colder.

That is where radio comes in. It cuts down the time. Between the receipt of a call at headquarters and the arrival of police on the scene, it saves precious seconds. Frequently many minutes. Sometimes, when the call is from some outlying precinct, hours. Again and again it means the difference between an arrest and an escape.

But police have to do a lot more than merely prevent crime. Think of the number of times you've read of patrolmen diving in to save a child from drowning. Often a minute or two, sometimes hardly more than a couple of seconds, may make the difference between life and death. You'd be surprised at the number of life-saving calls of all kinds that come in to police headquarters.

Camden, New Jersey, completed the installation of police radio equipment early this year. On the very first day it went into operation an alarm rang in from car shops located near yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Two men, cleaning out a tank car that had carried a tar product for use on highways, had been overcome by gas fumes. Three fellow-workmen, trying to get them out, had also been overcome. All five were unconscious. It would be only a matter of minutes before the fumes finished their deadly work.

The moment the telephone call came through to police headquarters, a broadcast went out over the new transmitter. From each of the surrounding zones radio cars headed for the shops. Within two minutes the nearest patrol had reached the scene, and within another two minutes more than a dozen policemen were helping with the rescue work. The first patrolmen to arrive called back to headquarters at once for pulmotors and ambulances, saving some more valuable minutes. All five of the unconscious victims were hauled out of the gas-filled tank car, two more men being overcome in the process. Immediate first-aid treatment was given on the spot; then they were rushed to hospitals.

Because of the time-saving effected by radio, no lives were lost.

Assistance at all sorts of accidents, prevention of suicide, catching fires before they get dangerous, hurrying to help save life in various unusual catastrophies, is all in the day's police work—and in all such matters the seconds saved by radio may mean a lot.

Two officers in a two-way radio car at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were pursuing a speeding driver who had refused orders to stop. As they were about to draw alongside, the suspect suddenly swung his machine into the police car, forcing it off the road. The patrol car crashed against a tree and was completely wrecked. The crook disappeared down the road. One of the two patrolmen, bleeding profusely but still conscious, managed to turn the radio switch in the wrecked car. The radio equipment was still in working order. Before losing consciousness the officer was able to give headquarters his location. The information brought the nearest radio car to the spot at once. Although in that particular instance the criminal driver got away, both wounded men received attention in time to save their lives.

In the good old days all patrolmen pounded a beat on foot. When an appeal for police help came in to headquarters it had to wait until the nearest patrolman finished his round and made his periodic call from a signal box. Until then he might be walking away from a hold-up instead of toward it. The only other procedure was to send out an automobile or patrol wagon from headquarters, possibly miles away. In big cities, having cars at precinct headquarters cut down the time

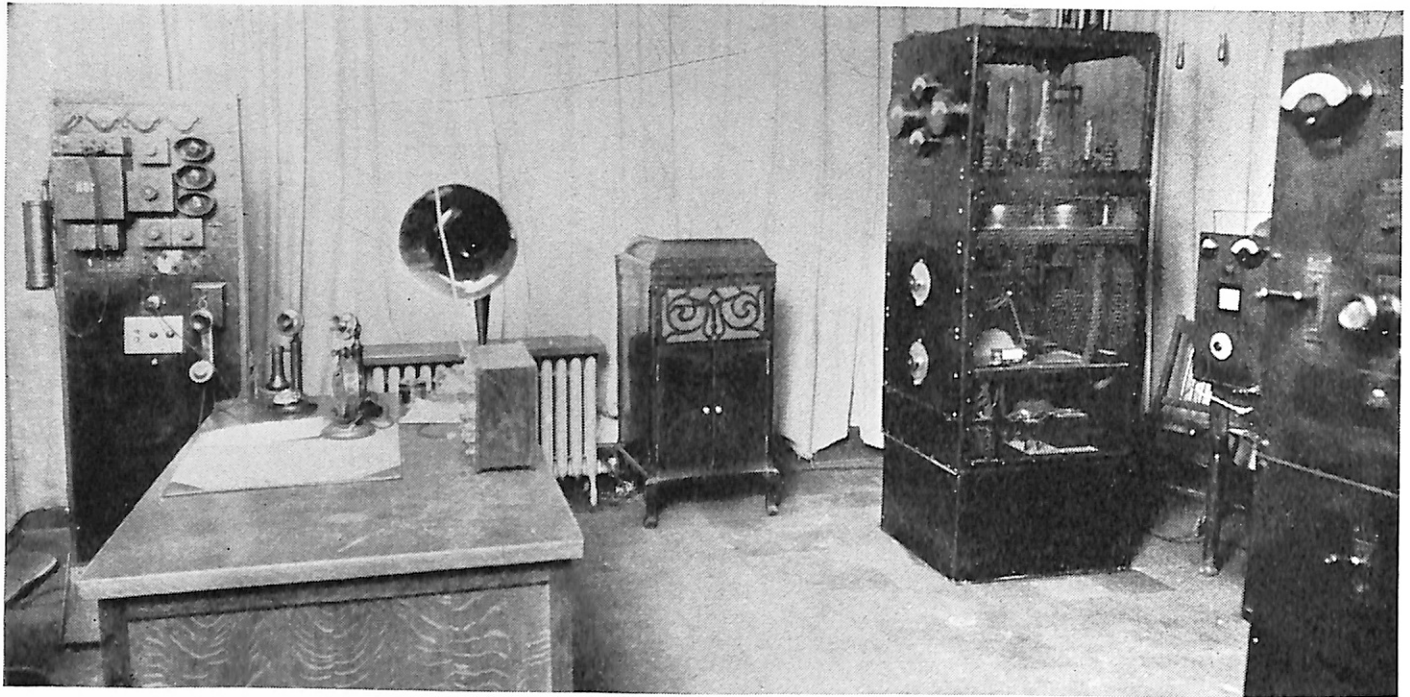


Underwood and Underwood

Above: A patrolman in the broadcasting room of the Philadelphia Police Headquarters spotting the nearest radio patrol car on a huge map of Philadelphia. The car will go directly to the scene of the crime. **Below:** Patrolmen in a radio car pick up a call and note down the data received by radio.

Underwood and Underwood





Above: The transmitting center of Station KOP in Detroit, Mich., as it was when the first radio cars were used; and, right, a photograph of Inspector W. L. Potts (then Sergeant) and his first radio-equipped Police car

a little. Still it was slow, and only the first call for help could get quick attention.

With radio, notification goes out instantly. In well-equipped cities a patrol car is usually already within a few blocks.

One early case was dramatically quick. The "cruiser", or signal car, of a particular precinct (in a good many large cities with radio-patrol, nowadays, each precinct or zone has one or more "scout" cars with two patrolmen, and one heavier "cruiser", carrying perhaps four men and a regular arsenal) was just approaching an intersection where a gas station faced a grocery store. At that moment the dashboard of the cruiser grated, "Hold-up in grocery store, Maple and Alexander". All the cruiser had to do was swing over to the curb; the hold-up was within fifty feet of them. They arrived on the scene while the gas-station attendant across the way, who had seen the thugs draw their guns, was still holding the telephone at his ear giving the rest of his information to the police. It was a miracle. The robbers had not even had time to "dump the damper"—rifle the cash register.

But even in this country, out of 2,500 cities, big and little, which could today be using radio to good advantage, less than 800 have as yet installed it. Less than thirty percent!

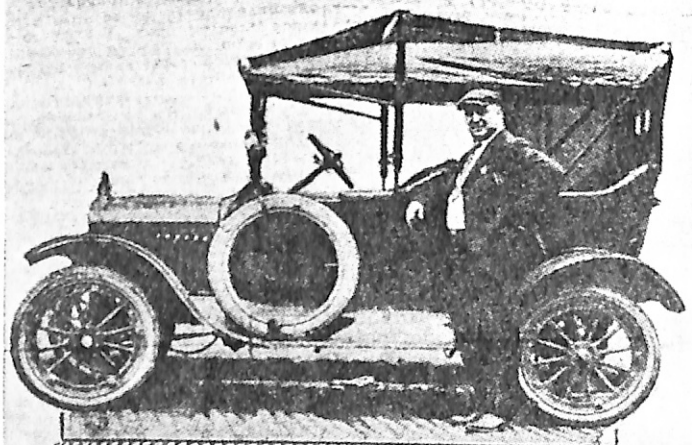
IN one city of about 100,000 population, during 1937, the entire radio system went out of operation and stayed out, because a new transformer, costing \$14, was required. Finally the police-radio section of one of the radio supply companies gave them a new transformer, and service was resumed.

Part of the trouble is that police broadcasting has come in so gradually, has seemed to us so commonplace in the general hullabaloo and acceptance of radio, that it has received relatively little attention. It is still regarded as expensive, "big city" equipment.

Yet in it police are already realizing they have secured the greatest advantage over criminals they have ever had.

Always, before this, crooks managed to keep pretty well up with the law. Robin Hood had his bows and arrows, and was reputed to be even better with them

WIRELESS SIGNAL SYSTEM PROPOSED FOR POLICE CARS



SERG. WM. POTTS AND HIS RADIO EQUIPPED AUTO.

If experiments now being conducted by Lieutenant William Potts, with Lieutenant Potts while the latter was driving about downtown streets, work out successfully, within a few days wireless tele-

Detroit Journal

than the Sheriff's men. When guns came in thugs took to them as readily as did the law. With sawed-off shot guns, tommy guns and the like, they were often a good step ahead. Criminals have been quick to make effective use of automobiles. But with radio, for the first time in the long, never-ending war of organized society against the stragglers, a big advantage has swung to the Force. Crooks can install ordinary radio sets in an occasional car, and from time to time pick up a little of what the police are saying—even though much of it now goes out in code. But they cannot offset that tremendous time-saving, cutting down their head-start after a crime.

In one of the smaller Eastern cities, a few months ago, an epidemic of purse-snatching broke out. The city was not then equipped with radio. Each time a theft was reported by telephone, patrolmen were hurried to the spot. But always precious minutes were lost. The thief escaped.

Then the city went modern: a radio car in every precinct.

Just after the new system was put in operation, an-



International News Photo

Above: Part of the fleet of one hundred and eighty new radio patrol cars purchased by New York City. The cars are green and white. Left: A patrolman in the radio room of the Philadelphia Police Headquarters in City Hall broadcasting a message to all radio cars.



Underwood and Underwood

other purse-snatching and attack was reported in an outlying district. The radio dispatcher ordered two patrol cars, from zones on each side of the reported location, to close in at once. Only seconds, instead of minutes, passed before both cars were looking for suspicious characters in the vicinity. That time-difference was enough; within ten minutes of the time the "run" had gone out, the thief was at police headquarters, in handcuffs. He proved to be an escaped convict, a negro, from another State. With an accomplice, picked up a few hours later, he had been responsible for more than a dozen previous attacks.

During the last twenty years America has seen successive "crime waves". Lawlessness followed the European war. Prohibition developed rum-running, bootlegging of all kinds, organized gangs. Then came rackets, still flourishing. Finally kidnapping and extortion.

On the other side of the ledger, checking crime, restoring the balance, yet with its full effectiveness still hardly recognized, stands radio.

Contrary to general impression, the cost of installing radio—and two-way radio at that—in small towns and many fairly sizable cities, is relatively little. If the place is big enough to have even a single patrol car the time-saving equipment almost invariably proves an exceedingly wise expenditure. In many cases it saves more than it costs, in the recovery of stolen property and the prevention of loss, in the very first year. Including receiving and transmitting sets on one or two patrol cars, the total outlay for a small town can be kept within \$1,500. Additional cars mean about another \$150 apiece. Of course, in larger cities with a more powerful transmitter necessary, the cost runs up.

In 1936 Trenton, New Jersey, with a population now approaching 140,000, put in a complete two-way radio system for approximately \$11,000. Less than ten cents each for Trenton inhabitants. This included two-way equipment for nine police cars and three fire department cars; one-way equipment for two accident-prevention cars, and, of course, the central transmitting and receiving station. Six two-way cars are on duty day and night, with three more held in reserve for possible replacements. During the first two years of service the department recovered more than \$40,000 worth of stolen property. The average time for reaching a particular address after an emergency call comes in to police headquarters is less than two minutes. Several drownings have been prevented. Fires have been averted. Purse-snatching has been checked. Assaults, burglaries, reckless driving, have all been cut down. Of 37 hit-and-run drivers reported between June, 1936, and May, 1937, 35 were caught.

Even the entire radio-department payroll, which is, of course, the biggest expense connected with the system, works out to less than two cents a week, well under a dollar each per year for the Trenton population.

One small New England city (no use giving names) that is today unequipped with radio, has four patrolmen and one police car. The car is kept at police headquarters. Whenever an emergency call comes in, a red light is flashed on at the headquarters building. Patrolmen on beat are supposed to keep as close watch as they can for the red light at headquarters. Whenever they see it they come in on the (Continued on page 43)

HE thought, "I should never have come back," and found himself unable to turn his eyes away. He sat straight and still in the saddle, immobile, seized with a sudden feeling of emptiness that ached and pulled at his throat. Like nave to altar, a straight aisle flanked by trunks of liveoaks led the short distance to that big, square ranch house window. Through the branches he could still glimpse golden sunset on the peaks of the distant Madres; but here in the grove of liveoaks around the ranch house, purple dusk had gathered. Gratefully cool on his warm cheek, the first motion of night breeze pushed in from the broad range, redolent of sun-baked sage and the winey tang of cedar.

The window was a square of soft yellow light which poured down from a wall-bracketed oil lamp upon the two who stood there so close together. The man, well groomed, successful looking, a dinner jacket swelling to the spread of his shoulders, every crisply curly black hair carefully in place. The girl, lithe, sun-tanned, smiling up into his eyes.

Kent Coryell said again, silently, "I should never have come back," and savored the words on his lips.

He had been kidding himself. That much he knew by the quick pang which shot through him. Kidding himself—rationalizing a primitive yearning until in outer appearance it had become almost an altruism. Coming back to help. Because she might need him, at least for a time. That had been his thought—the way it finally dressed up and presented itself to his consciousness. He had visualized her as alone, suddenly confronted with the intricacies of management of a cattle empire. She would need somebody, at least throughout the first poignancy of grief at the death of her father.

Wishful thinking. He realized it as he watched her smile up into that other man's eyes. It had grated upon his sense of fitness, of propriety. . . . Until he suddenly realized that he alone was now experiencing the first poignancy of grief. The letter telling him of the death of old John Semmes had missed him at Salt Lake City, followed him to Pendleton, to Calgary, and caught up with him at Madison Square Garden.

Silent on his horse in the deepening gloom, he smiled, a little bitterly. So—he had dashed off upon receipt of the news, much like a crusading knight upon hearing that his lady was beleaguered in her castle. Only to find himself six months too late at the start. If she had needed help, that need was now past. To him, just notified, John Semmes' death was new, a poignant, startling thing, compound of grief and loss and a sudden welling up of a sense of deep affection never fully expressed. But her adjustment was already made, her grief softened and muted by half a year of time.

His lips twitched in a kind of savage self-disparagement. Would he never forget those prince and princess days of childhood, never cease to act like a fledgling adolescent? Picturing her alone, helpless, had been of the warp and woof of that same romantic dream. Must all life stand in motionless suspension merely because he had chosen to ride away eight years ago? Eight years of a girl's—a woman's—life are not a vacuum, filled with nothing. Let one move out, and others will fill up the void. People, happenings, things he knew nothing about, to influence her and fashion her growth.

As she stood there framed in the window, so near, she was suddenly a stranger before his eyes—separated from him by eight years of unknown events, interests, ties. . . .

So strong was his feeling of intrusion that he would have turned and ridden silently away. But suddenly a dog was yapping at his horse's fetlocks, the animal was prancing nervously and blowing, and a man was hurrying from the bunk house.

Quieting the horse, he slipped from the saddle and walked toward the familiar, stocky figure. The flopped-eared hound backed before him, pawing the ground and still yapping.

They met out beyond the fringe of trees, where there was still some dim remnant of daylight.

"Jim Maddox," he said, and stretched out his hand. "Same old Jim."



The feeling of strangeness was gone, replaced by a warm inner glow. Home range—and the years fell away. The foreman's big hand engulfed his fingers. The dog stopped barking and headed over toward the corrals.

"Kent, you young maverick! I'd given you up!"

"Your letter trailed me since midsummer. Just caught up with me at the Garden."

Jim Maddox snorted. "Trouble with you young mavericks—never stay put long enough for mail to catch up with you. Ought to settle down in one place while you're still young, send down some roots. Maybe now—"

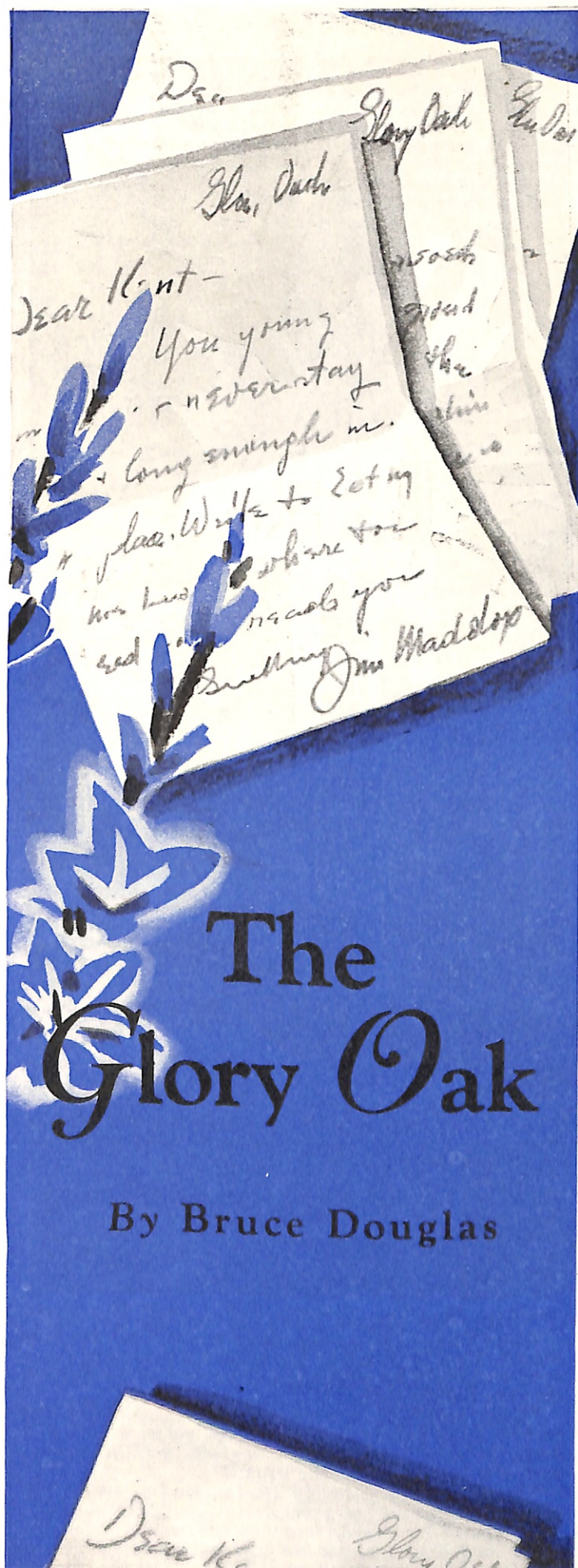
"You haven't changed a bit, Jim."

"Gettin' gray," Maddox grunted. "Don't show in this light, but it's there. Ought to take me out an' shoot me one of these days. I'm fifty now. Forty-two when you left. Fifty's a heap older'n forty-two, Kent. Wait an' see. What are you? Twenty-seven? Notice you clipped a tenth off the rope-an'-tie record at the Garden last month. You won't be lowerin' any world records at fifty. Be a back number. Just a name in a record book. Slowin' down. And lonely as hell, too, likely, unless you marry and settle down."

Kent chuckled. Same old Jim. And the same old sermon Maddox had preached eight years ago when he rode away. Only then, forty-two had been the beginning of decrepitude and dissolution, and thirty-five the age to look back upon with yearning.

A man came out of the bunk house, looked, and went back in. Then three others came out. He spotted them one by one. Shorty Ray, George Eubank, Bill Parker. Parker was using a cane, favoring a stiff leg. They surrounded him.

Parker came up last, after the other two had wrung



his hand. "Recognize me, Kent?" Kent could see that it was difficult for him. He flinched inwardly. So Bill was sensitive about it. . . .

He said, "I'd know your hide in a tanyard, hombre," and nodded at the cane. "Get piled?"

"Yup. I'm blacksmithin' now. No more riding the rough string. Ornerly claybank piled me and tramped my knee. Not so ornerly as the exhibition mounts you ride, though, I reckon."

Kent said, "It's different on the range. No chutes. No quitting after ten seconds. No pick-up men. Many's the time I'd have been stamped, without their help."

A voice sounded behind him, sweet, and full, rich, with the golden hint of a chuckle tucked away in it somewhere.

"When you're quite through greeting everybody else on the spread, you might pay some slight attention to the owner."

He wheeled. She was standing at the edge of the ranch house gallery, smiling, her face illumined by the lamp she held.

He said, "Hello, Marylu," casually, as though there had been no eight years intervening.

She said, "Come in, Kent Coryell."

Inside the ranch house, the sense of being an intruder was once more strong upon him.

Supper was over. He was glad of that. It had been dinner, as Marylu's evening dress and this Glenn Fisher's dinner jacket indicated. It seemed to him out of place on the J.S. spread. Dinner, with slim, tapering candles on the table, instead of the familiar pot-bellied oil lamps.

That gown and dinner jacket grouped the pair of them, isolating them from him. . . . As had that light kiss of greeting with which she had touched his lips—only to look over toward Fisher.

"Kent is very extra special, Glenn," she said, and Glenn Fisher smiled and nodded.

Kent thought, "My coming has halted something that was building. The clock has stopped, to start up again when I leave."

He looked at Fisher, quietly sizing him up. A young man of easy, confident power, already marked for—and by—success. Power—that was the word, the distinguishing mark—the modern-world power to handle money and make it increase and multiply. It was branded all over the man. And what, he thought, in vivid self-appraisal, of himself? His distinction, product of eight years: that he could rope and tie a steer one-tenth of a second faster than anybody else in the world! His gaze drifted over to Marylu, heiress to a cattle empire. . . .

They talked of familiar things, places, people they had grown up with; and for a time the sense of intrusion left him. In the shank of the evening, Fisher went out into the kitchen to mix a cocktail. Kent's gaze traveled along the slope of Marylu's neck and shoulder and breast, shadowed in the soft lamplight.

"This Fisher. He seems a good man. Capable. A success in that new world you belong in."

"Do I?" Her eyes darkened, as though she drew successive veils over them. "Perhaps I do."

Fisher returned with a frosted shaker, poured, and they drank.

There was a brittleness in Marylu's tone. "Glenn, tell Kent what you were just telling me. About how we can multiply the Semmes fortune by four."

Kent caught the word 'we'. Coupling them. He thought, "In the morning. A telegram perhaps. Jim Maddox or one of the boys can arrange it."

A light flicked on in Glenn Fisher's eyes. He set down his glass. "Yes. It is quite simple. I am surprised that no one has seen it before; the very contour of the land suggests it. That little valley at the head of the big one. The cliffs come in nearly together at the narrows. A dam across that narrows, from cliff to cliff, and the little valley becomes a lake. Plenty of water for all the thousands of acres below."

Glenn Fisher's face was glowing. Kent thought, "This man is at his best now. Thinking out problems. Laying plans. Money plans. But he is off his home

range; he is making a natural mistake he can't help." He said, "John Semmes Valley looks plenty dry. But it is deceptive that way. With the stream and a half dozen big water holes, this range already has enough water."

Marylu was smiling quizzically at him. The way she had smiled that time years ago when Lee Terrill had dropped a lighted firecracker behind him and they were striving to look unconcerned until it exploded.

Fisher said, "Range! I am not talking about range. I mean water enough to irrigate every acre of this vast valley. Plentifully. Citrus groves. Alfalfa, six cuttings a year. Every other sort of crop. I am told that there has not been a frost in this valley within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The little valley will be sacrificed, of course. And the dam will cost a good bit. But we can sell every acre of the thousands in this lower valley at, conservatively, ten times the present value. The net profit from the sale should quadruple our capital; and we still have the lake and can sell water and power indefinitely."

Marylu laughed suddenly. "Go ahead and say it, Kent. Sod-busters!" She turned to Fisher. "You have no idea, Glenn, how scornfully we of the range country can say that word."

"You are joking, of course." Fisher frowned slightly. "I am sure Coryell is too intelligent to go in for that sort of expensive sentiment. Cattle graze where land cannot be tilled. When land can be made productive, it becomes too valuable for cattle raising, and the cattle go elsewhere. It is economic law. A part of progress. Inevitable. You can't fight against progress. If you do, you are crushed. Only a fool fights against progress."

Kent rose, stretching, masking his feelings with a yawn. "Of course she was joking. Which room, Marylu? We range-bred hombres can't throw off our early habit of using darkness to sleep in."

A fat, shapeless Mexican housekeeper appeared in the doorway, but Marylu waved her away and walked with him down the hall to the door of a bedroom.

She laid her hand in his, and said, surprisingly. "Sometimes it is—glorious—to be a fool!"

He said, "Good night, Marylu," and stepped in and closed the door. And he thought, standing there in the dark before striking a match, "It was my coming that did that. I should never have come back. Never."

Kent was up at dawn and out chewing the fat with Maddox and Ray and Eubank and Parker. All the other J-S hands were new since his departure eight years ago.

Bill Parker limped over to his smithy, blew up the forge and started hammering away on an unfinished shoe. They followed him. He seemed happier while at work. But Kent noted the lines of strain around the calm, brown eyes. And wondered what it would mean to a man never again to feel a horse between his legs.

Jim Maddox nodded through the wide rectangle of the smithy door. "His Nibs."

Kent looked. Far out on the range, Glenn Fisher was walking, alone.

Kent said, a note of approval in his voice, "He gets up early."

Maddox grunted. "Out surveyin' his domain, I reckon."

Kent had known. But hearing it voiced by another brought a pang. "Then it has gone that far?"

"He thinks so."

Acting on impulse, Kent got his horse, saddled and rode out. Glenn Fisher was just disappearing in a dry rubble of granite boulders.

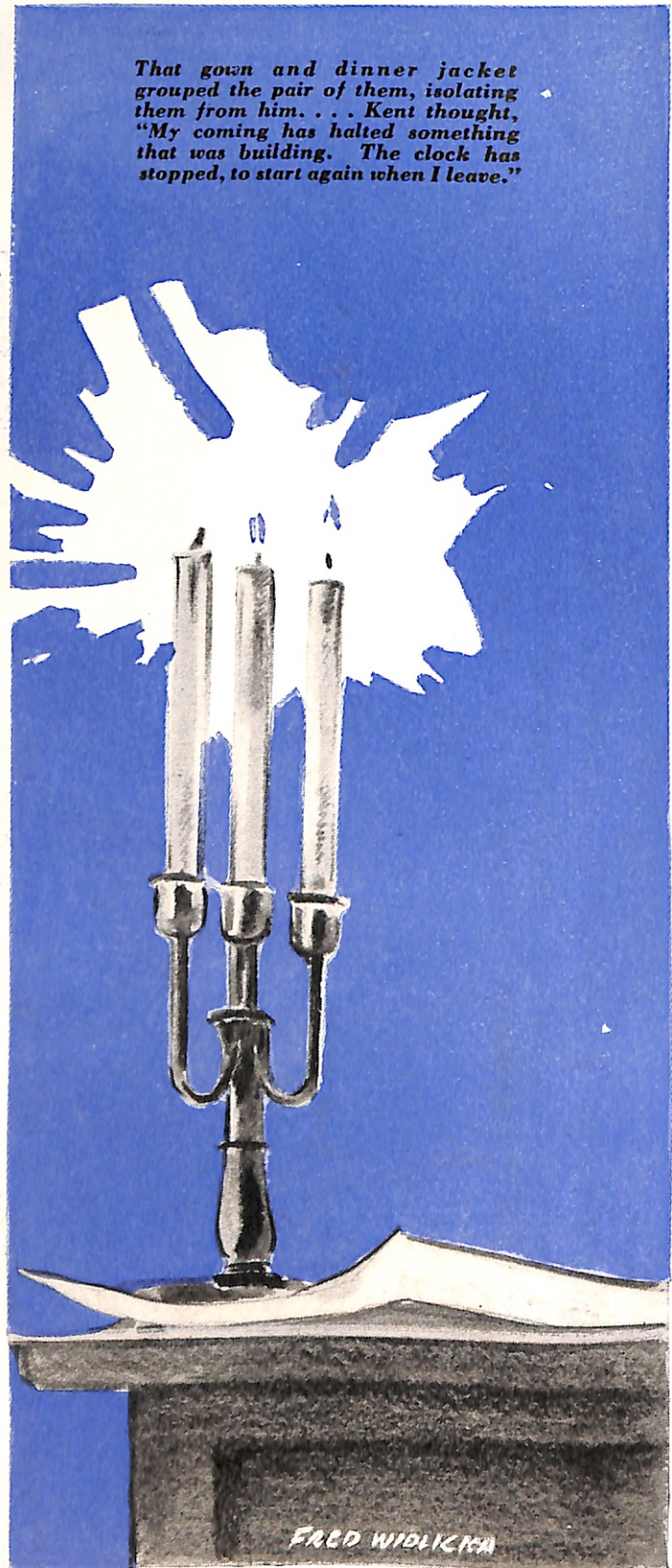
Moved by a vague, inner anxiety, Kent shook his horse to a faster lope. Fisher might be right about dams and irrigation, but he was off his home range. He might not know—

He did not. Kent reined in a good forty yards away from Fisher, dismounted and yelled, "Freeze! Motionless, you fool! Don't move!"

Startled, Glenn Fisher obeyed. Kent thought, with a kind of satisfied appraisal, "He can take orders. A good sign." Snapping a wand from a dry *ocotillo*, he moved quickly forward.

"What—what is it?"

That gown and dinner jacket grouped the pair of them, isolating them from him. . . . Kent thought, "My coming has halted something that was building. The clock has stopped, to start again when I leave."



"Rattlesnake, hombre. Can't you even hear him sing?"

Glenn Fisher's face went chalky white. Only his eyes moved. Kent could tell by the sudden widening of those eyes just when he picked out the coiled snake against its gray background.

"Keep still," he warned again, and extended the *ocotillo* wand toward the reptile. He moved it back and forth in slow, swaying motion, then held it steady, within a few inches of the ground.

The snake struck, laying its full length out on the ground like the slap of a whip. Hissing, it coiled again. Kent leaped backward, extended the wand. It struck again, and Kent repeated the process, gradually widening the distance from Glenn Fisher. On the fourth



strike, the snake was sluggish. And on the fifth, Kent acted. He leaped forward, and while the snake was stretched at full length on the ground, picked it up by the tail. The reptile lashed and hissed and attempted to coil back on itself, but could not.

Kent smiled over at Glenn Fisher. "You can unfreeze now. A rattler is helpless except when he's coiled and has his buzzer up. He has to coil before he can strike."

With a slow wrist motion he swung the snake forward and back, then came forward with a quick snap. He dropped it; it writhed, then lay still.

"A trick of the range," Kent said. "It breaks their necks. You learn to spot these babies. Know where to

expect to find 'em and how to handle 'em expertly."

Glenn Fisher opened his mouth to speak. Then his knees were suddenly trembling, and he sat down on a boulder. His face was greenish.

Kent watched for a moment. He was thinking of the first time he had ridden in an airplane. A landing which cracked the landing gear and crumpled a wing. No one was hurt; but five minutes after he was out of the plane he sat down suddenly in an empty field office waiting-room, his knees like water. A lone attendant had come in and stared at him. He remembered wishing that he would leave.

Kent drawled, embarrassed, "Sort of startles a man. Sit there awhile, and it'll pass. (Continued on page 41)

Return to the Forties

By Fergus Ferguson

NO ONE along Lexington Avenue had ever seen the little man before. He simply appeared out of nowhere and opened up the waxworks, neon signs over the doors: THE CORONATION—WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR—THE TERRIBLE FLAVIN MURDERS—etc., etc.

Crowds poured in, of course, for it was a good location. There was a burly attendant at the entrance to take their quarters and a lantern-jawed, saturnine young man at the exit who herded them out, "Step lively, please," and there was the little man himself. His name, he said, was Whidden and he was the manager for Herman Gersky, the showman who owned the place, and though they must, by the end of the month, have covered expenses and be cashing in, he did not seem to care about the money. It was as if he was fascinated by the sculptor's creations. He was a talkative little man, eager to tell everyone how Gersky had paid top price for the best sculptor he could get; he pointed out the realistic detail, the astounding likenesses; the best reconstruction there, he said, was that of the Flavin murders. It had taken place two months before, the wholesale murder of the three women, in an old house just around the corner in the Forties. The house was already demolished and a new building going up, but here it all was, he showed them, as natural as life. Every detail perfect.

That reconstruction appeared to mesmerize Whidden. He was a wiry, sandy man, with sandy eyes, very alert and active in a rather nondescript face. The kind of man you would never notice in a crowd. And he might have been any age—thirty and battered or forty-five and well-preserved. You would see him standing by the hour in front of the gruesome scene, looking at it, looking at the spectators as if keeping a little mocking smile up his sleeve because some of them, especially the women, could not stomach the sight. If a woman turned away, shuddering, catching hold of her escort's arm, he'd grin at her, but he would go on with his speech, proudly telling them how perfect was the reproduction.

"Everything's here but the murderer," he would say. "An unparalleled opportunity, ladies and gentlemen, to study the perfect crime at first hand. Here it all is before you. And the murderer must be a very clever man for he has vanished without a trace. The police say they think they know who did it. But do you believe that, ladies and gentlemen? If they know, would it not seem reasonable that by this time the murderer would have been apprehended?" Then he would glance again at the facsimile of the note which had been found

beside the bodies. "Something for you dumb cops to chew on," the note read. That seemed to amuse Whidden, along with all the rest.

And his sales-talk and the unscrupulous sensationalism of the exhibit kept people avidly clattering in. Some would stand staring like a shoal of fishes dumbly mouth-ing at the surface of the water, some would look ill, would shudder and turn away and once in a while a man or a woman would seem crushed by a sense of human indecency in thus presenting and viewing the horror.

Once one girl said something like that to Whidden. She was painted, in flashy clothes, perhaps not a nice girl but she had a heart of mercy and she turned on him. "It's wrong to do this," she said, "and what's more," seeming to recoil from him, "you seem to gloat over it."

He grinned at her pleasantly but his eyes glittered at her, completely aware of human weaknesses. "You came," he told her. "There's no law I ever heard of to force you in here." He looked after her meditatively as she left, for the people who came seemed to interest him, too. Especially the ones who came more than once. To these repeaters, whom he seemed to recognize, he would be most affable, as if between him and them was some affinity.

He talked to them more than to the others. "And they haven't found the murderer," he would repeat, "think of that. Is not that a distinct commentary on the great police force, that they can't find this one man? One against so many, gentlemen. Yes, I fear the murderer was right—dumb cops. That's the answer."

The two attendants paid no attention to him. They did not seem to think it odd that he spent so much time before the murder case. "Sure, he's a nut!" they said. "But what of it? The work ain't hard and we get our jack regular."

They paid no attention one rainy day when the tall repeater came in. He'd been there the day before and Whidden at once recognized him. "Back again, I see," he said. "Well, that's fine. Fine." He surveyed the customer with his sharp little eyes. "I'm glad to see someone," he said, "who appreciates a fine job. I thought maybe you'd be back. I tell you, sir, the man was right that did this job. He was up against dumb cops. Perhaps it wasn't so much that he was bright himself. He didn't have so much to beat." But you felt, somehow, that he didn't want the customer to agree with him. You could feel that he wanted the other man to say the murderer was bright, that he was much smarter than any policeman because he could do a job like this. And that was what the man did say.

A Short Short Story

*"He's more than that,"
he added. "The man is
a genius, I tell you!
A genius!"*

*Illustrated by
GEORGE HOWE*

"Sure, he was right," he chuckled. "He's more than that," he added, "I tell you, the man is a genius. A genius."

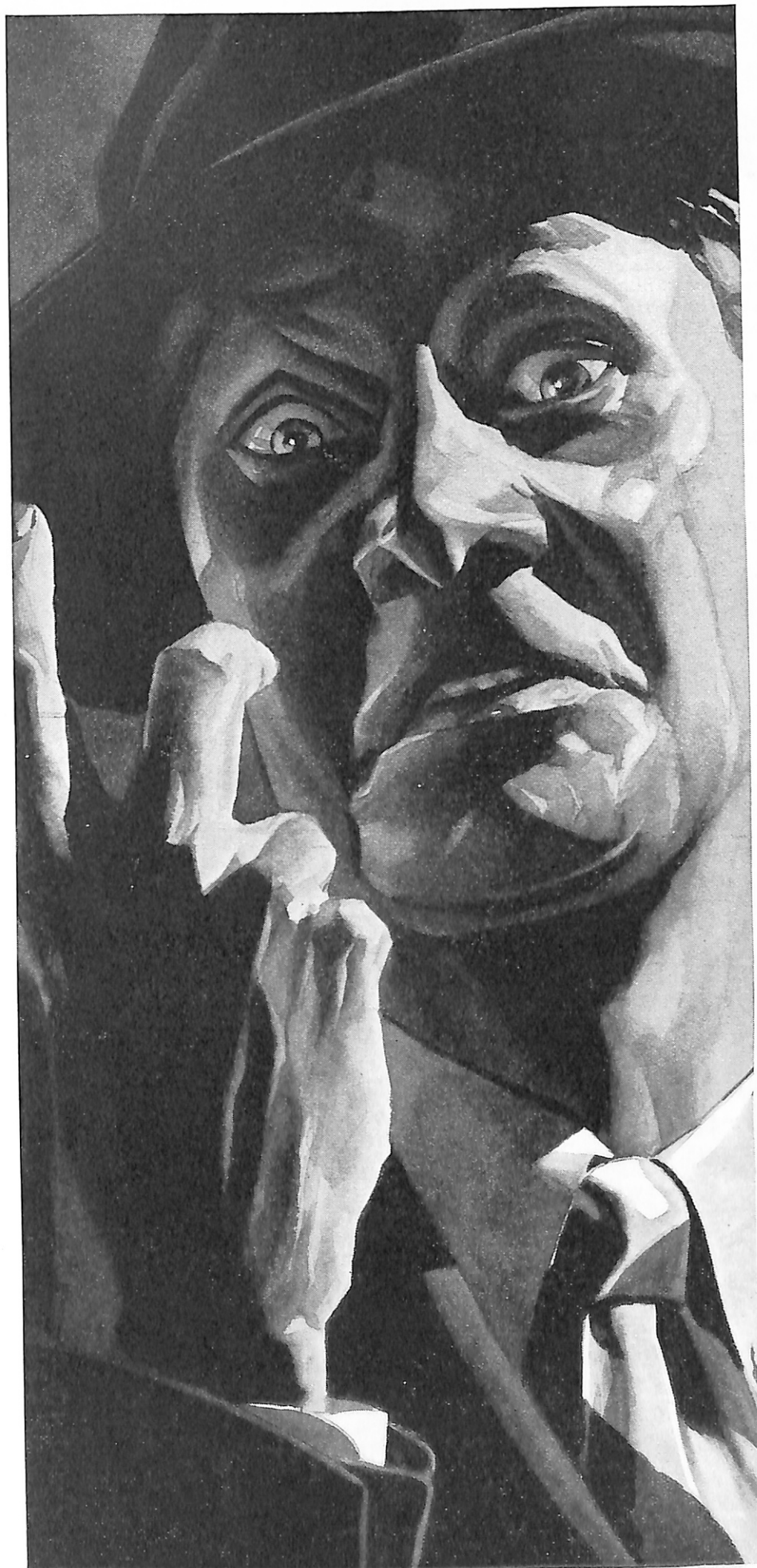
The little man looked up at him with mild eyes. "Sure, he's a genius," he agreed. "A man like that might be hiding anywhere. Why he might be standing as close to a cop as you are to me and the cop would never guess it. They don't know what he looks like now, if they ever did know, what disguise he might be wearing."

As if his chin itched a little he raised his hand and scratched it. The stranger, intent on the exhibit, seemed to have forgotten him. Seemed not to notice that from somewhere from behind were figures, men were closing in about them. Suddenly the little man's hand shot out and there was a gun in it. "All right, boys," he said, and, while the tall stranger struggled, snarling, the handcuffs were fastened on him.

"What is this, what are you doing?" the man demanded, his dyed black hair rumped, the painted birthmark standing out garishly against his white face.

"Nothing much," said Whidden, pleasantly, "just pulling in the Flavin murderer."

He was smiling pleasantly as they marched past the astonished doorman, showing his badge, waving the attendant aside. "I knew you'd be around sooner or later, Kepler," he said. "I recognized you yesterday and was sure you'd be around again today. You see, we're only dumb cops. We don't know much, we're not smart like you. And then we're kind of old-fashioned, too. We sort of stick to the old-fashioned notion that a murderer will always, somehow, return to the scene of the crime. That's why we were glad when the house was torn down and Gersky put in these waxworks."



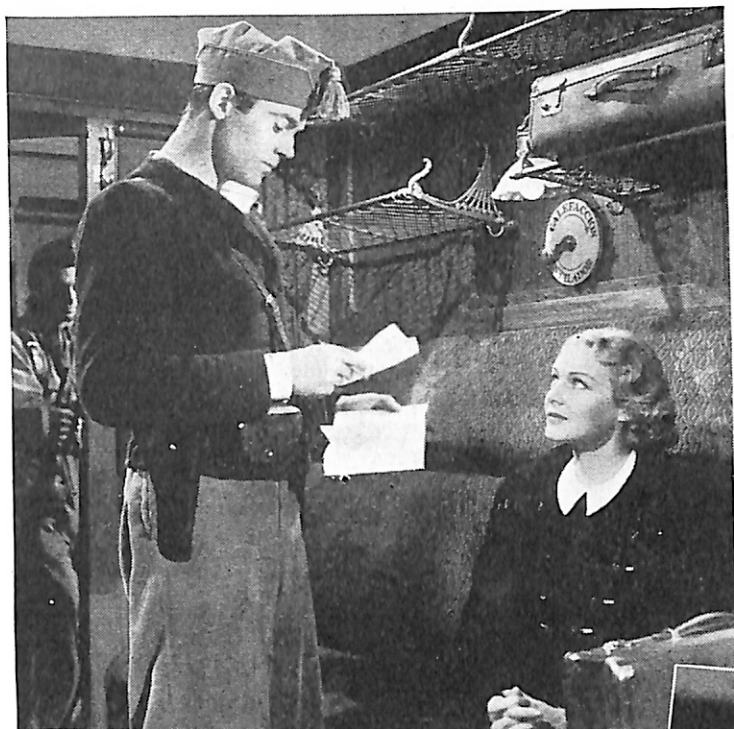
Show Business

Right is Jean Parker, in this Department's mind one of the prettiest ingenues in Hollywood. Miss Parker, in all her finery, is hitch-hiking a ride in a comic scene from "Romance of the Limberlost", by Gene Stratton Porter, a Monogram film.

Below are five of Hollywood's most attractive young people, Joel McCrea, Loretta Young, David Niven, Pauline Moore and Marjorie Weaver, in "Three Blind Mice". Stuart Erwin plays a prominent role in the film but he is not pretty enough to get in this picture. Needless to say, Miss Young and Mr. McCrea have the leading roles and are properly agreeable to hear and look upon.

At bottom is Shirley Temple and Joan Davis in "Lucky Penny", produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Miss Temple, shown washing her dog, turns in one of her usual deft performances, with Charles Farrell as a foil. Temple fans will probably enjoy most a couple of dance routines the little star undertakes with Bill Robinson.





Left is Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll in "Blockade", a timely drama involving espionage in Spain. Mr. Fonda makes a believable Spanish soldier, but Miss Carroll is a little too beautiful and a little too sophisticated to be credible. Nice, though! "Blockade" is a film with the sort of complicated, melodramatic plot (plus a happy, happy ending) which wins friends and influences people.

Below, in Warner Brothers' dramatization of Lloyd C. Douglas' "White Banners", are Claude Rains and Jackie Cooper. Mr. Rains, as an instructor with a weakness for worthless inventions at Middle Academy, exhibits faint surprise at the extraordinary appearance presented by his young pupil, Jackie Cooper. Young Mr. Cooper, who has a role of a spoiled but intuitive young man, turns in a surprisingly valid performance, particularly in his puppy-love scenes with Bonita Granville. Potential audiences can rest assured that the love scenes avoid the ever-present danger of too much soup.



Above, heading the cast of RKO-Radio's "Blonde Cheat", are Joan Fontaine and Derrick de Marney, two comparative newcomers to the films, both of whom have won a wide and immediate following. It is to be assumed that Miss Fontaine is the blonde cheat.



At right are Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and Joseph Schildkraut in "Suez", a film recounting the history of the building of the Suez Canal and, incidentally, the romance of young Mr. Power with Miss Young, who is for the moment the Empress Eugenie, wife of Louis Napoleon of France. This is a brilliant costume drama in which Annabella and other well known film players take prominent parts.



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

by Harry Hansen

THAT Fanny Kemble, the great English actress of 100 years ago, had a longer and more exciting career as a wife and mother in the United States than as an actress in England is not generally recalled these days, nor does anyone remember that she married a rich Philadelphian named Pierce Butler and became a determined Abolitionist when she found that he was the owner of a big southern plantation and many black slaves. But the Americans of her day had good cause to remember her; her book, "A Residence on a Georgian Plantation", is said to have influenced many Englishmen to remain neutral in the war of 1861. She lived from 1809 to 1893, dying at the age of 83; she was the grandmother of Owen Wister and the friend of Henry James, and in her own right a woman of great talent and strong convictions.

Her story is told in "Fanny Kemble; a Passionate Victorian", by Margaret Armstrong, a book that reveals all her qualities and lapses, and shows how a cultured Englishwoman appeared to the emerging society of the United States. For because she was an actress Pierce Butler was supposed to have married beneath him, and Philadelphia society was shocked by her ways. She was the niece of the famous Sarah Siddons and the daughter of Charles Kemble; she came to the United States on her first tour in 1832, taking five weeks to cross the Atlantic, with Edward Trelawney, friend of Shelley and Byron, reading to her on the way. In 1834 she married Butler and began those hectic experiences in America that left her dissatisfied and forlorn. But she became an ardent Northerner; she deprecated the treatment of the slaves by her husband's overseers and in time the Butlers were estranged and divorced. Fanny Kemble, driving a good bargain, eventually was better placed than her former husband, who was ruined in the financial panics of the post-war period.

You will enjoy this biography, not merely because it is the story of a determined character, but because it shows, through a woman's experiences, the vast difference in manners



At top, Fanny Kemble from a portrait by Thomas Sully, and beneath, Margaret Armstrong, author of "Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian"

and conventions between the United States and England of the early nineteenth century. The vicar of Grace Church, New York, could meet her only in private—clergymen did not attend the theatre and could not remain for a ball, even as spectators; the vicar managed to get her promise to give up the German waltz, for no woman should be seen in the coils of a man. There was no liveliness in American society; on the other hand, the young actress was carefully chaperoned and no visitor ever saw her alone. The American hotel on Broadway, at which Fanny stayed on her first visit, had no bathroom or running water—"conservative persons still believed it unsafe to drink water that had run underground." But in thirty years Fanny's sympathies had become thoroughly American, and when, in England, she heard of the death of Abraham Lincoln, she was "utterly overcome".

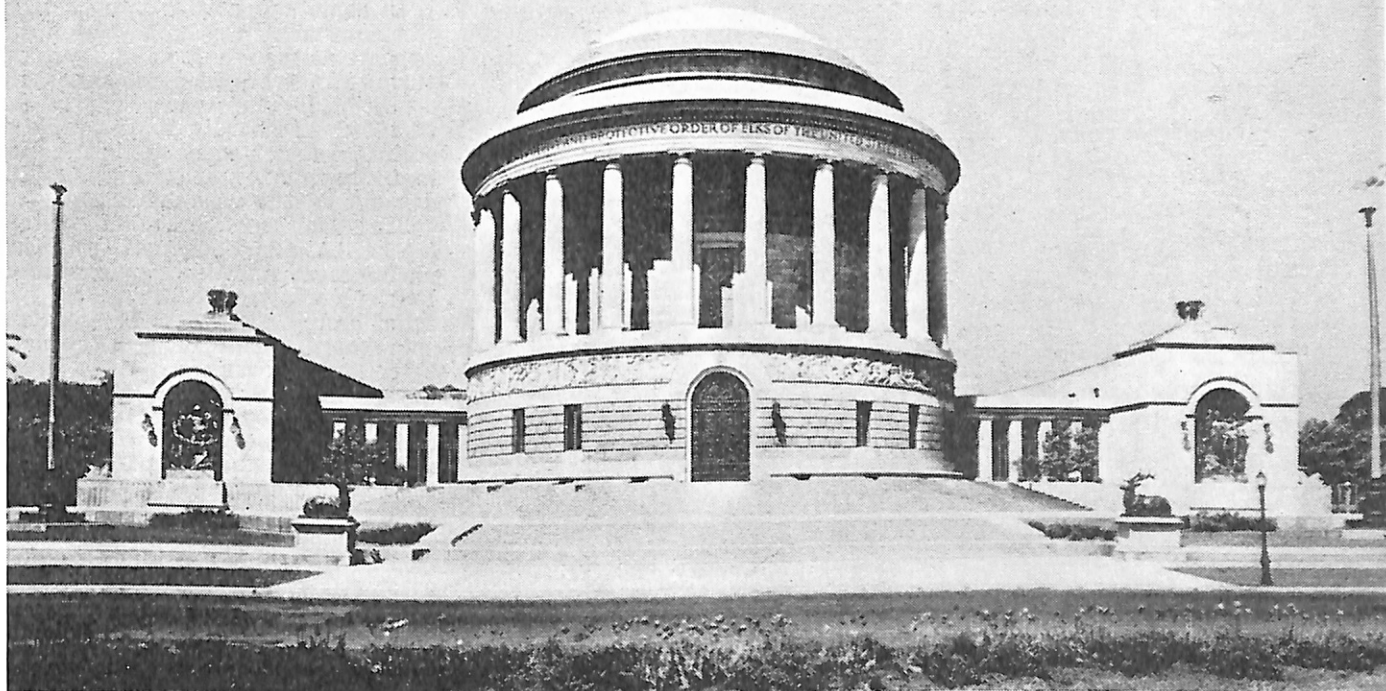
Packed with such sidelights on American life, this biography becomes an engrossing history of other days, other ways. It is all the more vivid because these things happened to Fanny Kemble, who was an honest reporter and spoke her mind. The Americans didn't like her criticism, but the able citizens, like Philip Hone, New York's mayor, respected her and a later generation valued her highly. She lived long enough to see a different America before she died. (Macmillan Co.)

"Kindling" and Other Novels.

NOVELS get pretty close to life sometimes; in fact they are closer to life than to the fantasy of the imagination these days. Take "Kindling", by Nevil Shute, an English author—a first-rate story that zips along with air-liner speed from first page to last. It tells how Henry Warren, a London banker, is marooned in a hospital in the little shipbuilding town of Sharples for a number of weeks. As he convalesces he learns why Sharples has gone to seed—no ships to build, no work to do, no income—just the bare necessities. So he primes the pump of Sharples. What men want is work, for that brings security and contentment. But Henry Warren is not the government; he can't tax people and then allocate the tax revenues to public works; he must raise the money in some other way. A canny fellow is Henry, precise in his words, arbitrary in his manner, and the way he goes about it makes the story. It has a number of surprises which I won't reveal here. You've heard how some books are calm and restful, and how others are keyed to the speed of our time? "Kindling" has the tempo of our age; it is stream-lined story-telling. (William Morrow & Co.)

"MY SON, MY SON," by an English critic, Howard Spring, tears at the reader's emotion. Don't start
(Continued on page 50)

Three Score and Ten



The Elks National War Memorial Building in Chicago

AMERICA'S part in the war was the subject of everyday conversation on July 11th, 1917. In Tremont Temple, Boston, it was the subject of solemn discussion by the Grand Lodge, assembled in its fifty-third regular session. The Special Committee on War Relief was making its report.

After an exhaustive study, which had begun in April when the Grand Exalted Ruler appointed these prominent members to learn how the Order could best further America's cause, the committee submitted a recommendation that had a peculiarly Elk quality. The sick and wounded on the battlefields of France, they said, deserved the first consideration of our Order. To alleviate suffering, they proposed that the Elks equip such base hospital units as the Government would find acceptable and would maintain. Furthermore, to enable the Order to meet other war needs, they advised that a fund be created for war relief work.

At the conclusion of the report, a motion was offered to this effect:

RESOLVED, That the sum of One Million Dollars be appropriated by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, to be known as "The War Relief Fund," such fund to be contributed by our subordinate lodges.

When the Grand Exalted Ruler, who presided over the meeting, called for the vote, the entire body of eighteen hundred representatives adopted the resolution by singing "America".

As its first act, the War Relief Commission appointed to administer this fund proceeded to equip, with the approval of the Government and on the recommendation of the American Red Cross War Council, two base hospitals, organized from the faculty and alumni of two American universities. These base hospitals were named by the War Department: University of Virginia and

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Base Hospital No. 41; and University of Oregon and Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Base Hospital No. 46. Both units gave outstanding service.

The "Virginia-Elks" Hospital No. 41 was established in the Paris District, and although nine other hospitals were located there, it treated one fourth of all the patients coming to that District. Originally equipped as a 1,000 bed unit, it had to be expanded to take care of 3,000 sick and wounded, with no proportionate increase in the staff. Nearly 5,000 patients were treated in this base hospital from August 1, 1918, to January 27, 1919. In view of this service, Elks may take pride in the words of Lieutenant-Colonel Goodwin, Director of the Unit, at the close of the war. His expression was: "I can say without reservation that the University of Virginia would never have had a Unit in the field had it not been for the handsome financial aid given by the Elks."

The "Oregon-Elks" Hospital No. 46, too, had a glowing record. Located as Bazailles-sur-Meuse, it was the most advanced hospital in the Toul-Nancy sector. In its 2,300 beds, it cared for 8,366 patients from July 23, 1918, to January 19, 1919. Colonel Robert C. Yenney, Director, also sent a grateful word. "After the entire personnel of physicians, nurses, and enlisted men had been secured," he said, "the unit was unable to certify itself ready for service on account of lack of funds. The generous contribution from the Elks in furnishing the necessary funds for the complete equipment of the hospital was the only reason that Base Hospital No. 46 was able to arrive overseas in time to receive sick and wounded from the three big American drives, Chauteau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne."

The base hospital is the healing agent of the battle field, but not all healing is (Continued on page 45)

The second in a two-part, historical account of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks since its birth seventy years ago

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy



"Old and Gray"

WHEN God created the dog as man's best friend there was one decree which has brought much grief to man's heart—that the span of life for the dog is much shorter than that for his master.

The little, playful bundle of warmth which comes into the home as a puppy develops into the adult dog, lives its life and comes to old age and death before our very eyes almost within a decade of our own lifetime.

It is regrettable indeed that our dogs cannot grow old equally with us and come to the end of their days as we come to the end of ours. It can be said that one year of a dog's life is equivalent to seven years of a human's. Consequently, when the dog is ten years old, physically he is

as old as we are at seventy. And when a dog is fourteen years old, in reality he is a centenarian.

I have chosen as the subject for this month's article, the old dog and his care. In several ways he is more helpless in his old age than is the human. None of his kind offer to give him aid. If he has not a master he must fight for his food against younger and stronger dogs—and no quarter given.

Stiffness, rheumatism and light paralysis usually attack the hind legs and the rump or rear back of the aging dog. This is especially true if a dog is more than six years old. At times it is caused by a blow on or near the backbone.

These cases are hard to treat. Massaging helps a little, but not much. Good food gives some aid. There is value in having the dog lie in the sun as much as possible, or to receive Violet Ray treatments. The application of massage or external

medicine helps little. By all means keep the dog out of drafts and dampness, have the bed at least four inches off the floor and boxed in, and when the dog returns wet or damp from outdoors, wipe him dry.

In some cases after two or three weeks of ailment, the condition disappears, although it is likely to return. However, in most cases the condition becomes worse slowly, until the dog is hardly able to walk up stairs. In such cases the best action is to have a veterinarian put the dog out of the way painlessly.

Thus far the most satisfactory treatment for continued stiffness, rheumatism and light paralysis is Fowler's solution of arsenic. It gives relief and acts particularly upon the spinal cord and the nerves. It should be continued over a period of thirty days, then omitted for thirty days, and then repeated for thirty days over a long period of time. Your druggist or veterinarian will prepare the solution and explain the amount of dosage.

There is little to be done about his running eyes, his constant colds, his asthmatic cough and his other ailments. Drop a boric water or argerol solution in his eyes daily. A blanket or coat about his body will help in rainy and cold weather.

Perhaps nothing is more pathetic than an old dog. He gives plain evidence of approaching the grave by his running eyes, stiff and almost paralytic legs, his constant coughing, and his broken teeth. He still shows in his eyes the same devotion and love as ever, but his time is short. Treat him kindly.

I may be forgiven for quoting these lines from a poem I wrote many years ago about the old dog:

The old dog sleeps beside the fire
Content to doze the hours away.
His step now drags uncertainly
Where once he frisked and barked and played.

The brave stout heart beats now no more
To warm the body whose sole tho't
Knew only your command and law—
A servant for your ev'ry wish.

A noble soul has fled the earth,
Which never knew deceit and guile;
Of man was part, the better part,
Without man's smiling treachery.

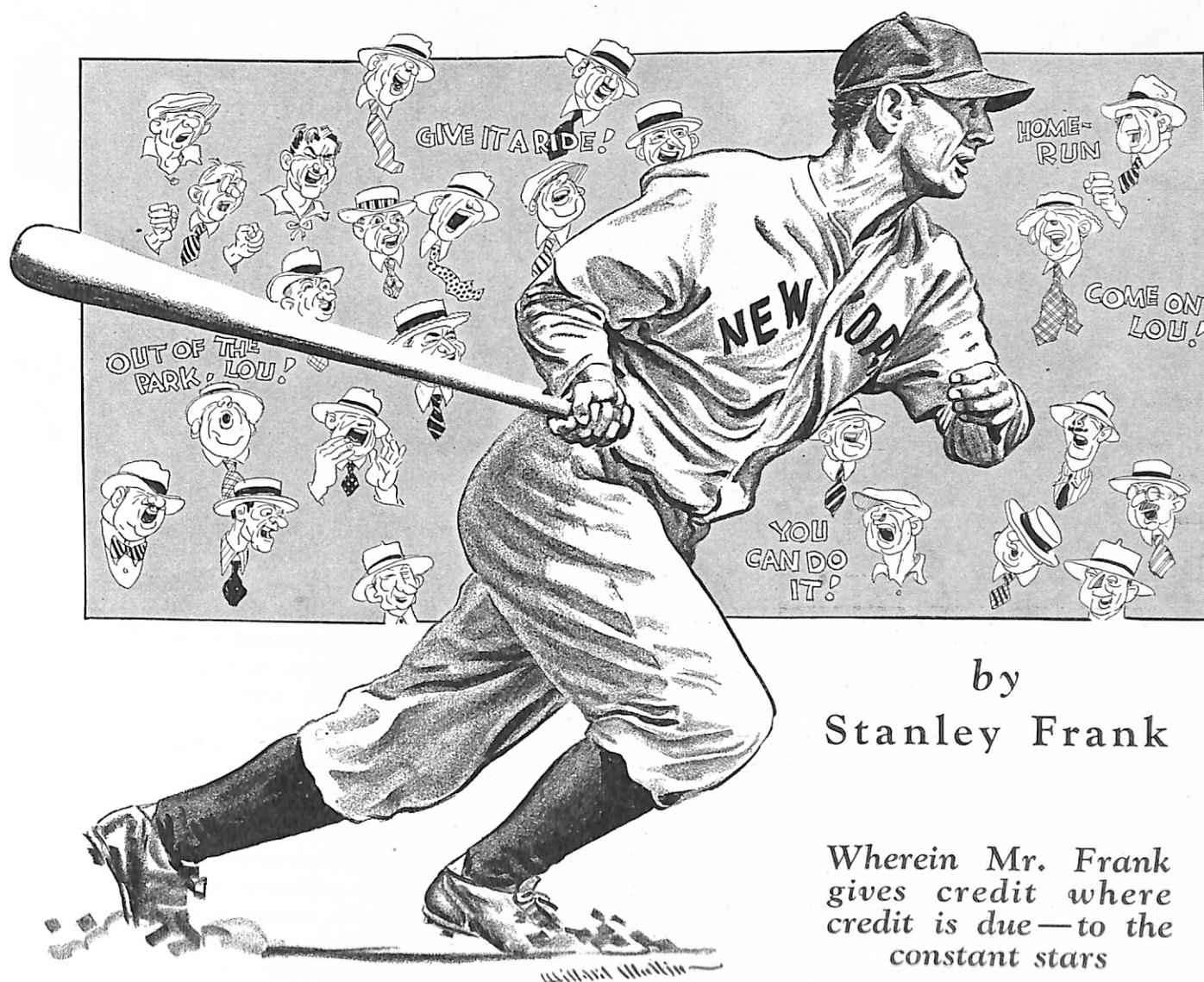
High up at heaven's gate he waits
Without complaint tho' long the years—
An ear pricked up, half-opened eye
To catch first sight of master come.

A loved familiar face at last
The watchful dog discerns with joy.
"What sound is that?" the master asks
In strange surprise. No need to wait—

The answer comes with leap and bark
Old dog, old master once again
Unite to never part as both
With gladsome pet wend way to God.

(Continued on page 53)

The Constant Stars



by
Stanley Frank

Wherein Mr. Frank
gives credit where
credit is due—to the
constant stars

THAT will be a most stirring spectacle at Cincinnati when the brightest stars in the baseball firmament gather in broad daylight for the sixth annual All-Star game this month. If there is any justice in a cruel world, the sun will be shining, brassy bands will bend the ears of the clamorous customers. Shrill, ecstatic yelps of applause will greet the appearance on the field of the young men who are the best paid and publicized athletic heroes of America. Young men, wearing the uniforms of the sixteen major-league teams, will go through the motions of being nonchalant in the vast hoopla and underneath the hard-boiled exterior will be terribly thrilled to have been chosen to serve as one of the props for their profession's show-window. Vibrant, vigorous young men . . .

Excuse it, please. Time out. Did somebody say *young men*? Is there a naive neighbor in the house who still subscribes to the old gag that the ball game, like the race, is to the swift, the strong and the sturdy? Forget it today, tomorrow, the next day. The ball game, like any business, is to the active aged, the wise, experienced heads that know all the answers because they've heard all the questions.

A brief explanation may be necessary. In more pro-

saic businesses, a thirty-year-old man who is doing all right by himself and his employer is considered a promising kid, a comer. In baseball, a player who has left his twenties behind him is also under suspicion of having left his youth and his best years behind him. Or, rather, a ball player who reached the advanced age of thirty once was suspected as a citizen of doubtful value to the community until the All-Star affair demonstrated the tenacious hold of the old-timers on the technique of the game and the affections of the fans.

The vital statistics of the men who participated in the first All-Star game in 1933 were a bit of a shock to those who always believed baseball was strictly a young man's game. Excluding pitchers—who reach baseball maturity quicker than outstanding batters and fielders—the American League line-up was comprised of men who averaged thirty-one years of age, and nine and a half years of service in the major leagues. The National League averages was almost the same: age, 32; major-league servitude, 9.5.

Sourpuss skeptics hooted down those surprising figures on the grounds that the first All-Star jamboree was simply a sentimental display of decrepit Glamor Boys who were about to (Continued on page 48)



EDITORIAL

A WORTHY LEADER

THIS month at the Grand Lodge session in Atlantic City Charles Spencer Hart will surrender to his successor the gavel of authority as Grand Exalted Ruler. Charlie, as we all have come to know him, has established himself in the fraternal affection of our entire membership and leaves the Order the better for his untiring and effective activities in its behalf. He has displayed marked ability as a leader and has demonstrated that he possesses the rare faculty of imparting his enthusiasm to others. His engaging smile, his merry laugh and his genial disposition are infectious. His vivaciousness was happily blended with serious thought and purposeful activity in discharging his duties as the executive head of our Order. Worthwhile accomplishments mark his administration. His campaign in furtherance of safety on the highways has identified the Order with this national movement in such a manner as to merit the approval of law-enforcement officers and agencies, as well as that of the general public. The result cannot be measured by what has actually been accomplished, for it is a force set in motion which will have its effect in years yet to come.

His constructive work has been successful and outstanding in building the Order and in bringing the membership to a more appreciative recognition of what Elkdome means and its real value not only to its members, but also to the fifteen hundred communities where lodges are established. During the year he developed into a forceful public speaker from the rostrum and on the radio, fluent and convincing in his well-rounded and well-chosen sentences. He has the

ability to make a point and the art of impressing it on the minds of his listeners.

A proper appraisal of his campaigns to increase the membership cannot be made until his annual report and that of the Grand Secretary are submitted to the Grand Lodge. Looking to business conditions which have obtained during the year, a falling off in membership might reasonably be expected, instead of which, however, the indications are that there will be a slight increase amounting to perhaps seven thousand or a little more—in the circumstances a most creditable showing.

We sincerely congratulate him on his year's devotion to the Order and bespeak for him unqualified success in whatever field of endeavor he may choose for his future activities. That he will continue his interest in the Order and give of his time and energy in building it for the future goes without the saying, as its welfare lies close to his heart.

"WE THE PEOPLE"

IT is a common expression of those returning home after having been to the City of Washington to say that they have been to the seat of government. Washington is a beautiful city. Its wide thoroughfares, magnificent buildings, beautiful parks, imposing monuments, and sculptured statuary are among many attractions which make it the most charming capitol city in the world. Not only is it so acclaimed by Americans, who may be in part influenced by national pride, but it is so recognized by those who visit it from foreign lands. Whatever else may be said of it, however, it is not the seat of government, except in a restricted and qualified sense.

We live in a democracy, and in a democracy the seat of government is with the people. The preamble to our basic law—the Constitution—makes a solemn declaration of this fact, for it is therein set out that "We the people of the United States * * * do ordain and establish this Constitution * * *." What "We the people" thus most solemnly



"ordained and established" only "We the people" can add to, subtract from, or modify in the orderly conduct of governmental affairs. It can be overthrown only by revolution, which God forbid.

The seat of our government, therefore, is not in Washington, but back home with the people. They are the fountain head of all power and authority. The success and the perpetuity of our democratic form of government is in their hands.

Do "We the people" at all times recognize this fact and the tremendous responsibility which inseparably attaches to it?

It is an ever-present and never-ending responsibility which concerns not only the affairs of today, but reaches into the future and intimately concerns the life, the liberty, the prosperity and the happiness of ourselves, of our children and the children of their children.

A SPLENDID UNDERTAKING



AS Elks we are justified in our pride of what the Order has accomplished in many fields of useful and humanitarian endeavor. This properly may be referred to as a secret or at least a subdued pride, not heralded from the housetops, but cherished in the heart of every member. The Grand Lodge has never undertaken anything more worthy or more appealing than the establishment of the Elks National Foundation.

On several occasions articles have appeared in these columns calling attention to this Foundation and pointing out some of its advantages over similar humanitarian enterprises. It is gratifying to note that they have resulted in interested inquiries on the part of many persons contemplating making a bequest to some worthy cause with assurance of honest and judicious management of the fund and application of the increment to a worthy purpose. An investigation of the Elks National Foundation, its aims, objects and purposes, as well as the character of the Trustees who manage

its funds and what has already been accomplished, is invited with confidence that it will result in unqualified approval. In addition, it should be borne in mind that the good faith, the honor and the financial responsibility of the Grand Lodge of the Order is back of the Foundation for which it stands sponsor. Better guarantees, we venture to assert, cannot be given by any of the many worthy foundations making appeals for funds.

The Elks Foundation was established just at the beginning of the depression and hence the growth of the fund has not been as rapid as it otherwise would have been, but in all the circumstances it is most encouraging that it now is in excess of \$400,000.00. To depend wholly on bequests means that the fund will be of slow growth, hence the importance of donations that the Foundation may serve its purpose in these times when demands are pressing. If, therefore, you have funds which you can spare at this time and which you desire to serve some humanitarian purpose, you can make no better disposition of them than to entrust them to this Foundation.

It may be thought by some that since this is an Elk Foundation its disbursements are only to members of the Order. This, however, is in error. Within the limit of the funds available, disbursements are made wholly regardless of membership in the Order. Of the \$89,050.00 derived from earnings, \$17,500.00 has been expended by the Foundation for scholarships, \$10,000.00 for the relief of flood sufferers, and \$2,000.00 for the relief of sufferers from infantile paralysis. The remaining \$57,050.00 has been turned over to State Elks Associations and by them expended in the several States for crippled children, for the care of those suffering from tuberculosis and unable to care for themselves, for fresh air camps for poor children, for scholarships and scholarship loans to deserving young men and young women and for general welfare work.

Not a single dollar has been paid out for expenses. Every penny has gone to these appealing objects and purposes. We know of no other foundation of which this can be said.



Above: Part of the 40th Anniversary Parade, held by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, as it marched down one of the main streets of the city.

Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Initiates Class on District Deputy Night

A class of 50 candidates was initiated into Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7 when D.D.N. Bosley Hoffman of Towson made his official visit. The meeting was attended by more than 400 Baltimore members, among whom were Gov. Harry W. Nice, U. S. Senator George Radcliffe, Mayor Howard W. Jackson, P.E.R. Eugene O'Dunne and Edwin T. Dickerson, members of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, Attorney General Herbert R. O'Connor, States Attorney Bernard Wells and P.E.R. William F. Broening, Insurance Commissioner. U. S. Senator Millard E. Tydings, Havre de Grace, and William H. Lawrence, member of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, were also present.

After the meeting a stag social was given in the Social Sessions Hall of the lodge home in honor of the District Deputy and the newly initiated members. P.E.R. Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, member of the Grand

Lodge Activities Committee, and P.E.R. Calvert K. Hartle of Hagerstown Lodge, Pres. of the Md. Del. and D. C. Elks Assn., made brief addresses.

Hoquiam, Wash., Elks Tournament Ends With Dinner For Winners

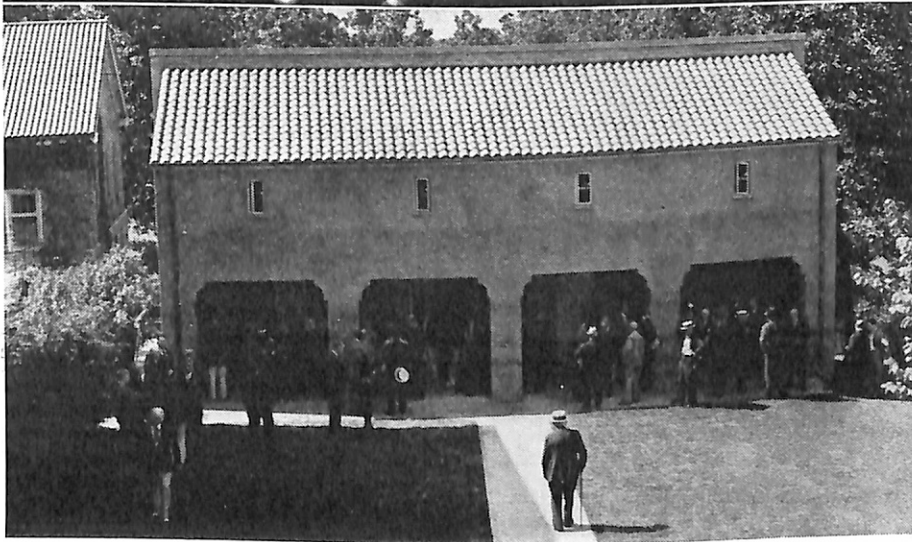
As losers in the winter billiard tournament held by Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, the "Scientifics" paid their penalty handsomely when they played host to the "Luckies" who won a dinner by coming out ahead of their rival team. A table twice the size of a standard billiard table, covered with purple paper, with white diamonds on the rails, huge pieces of chalk, white balls and an orange twice the size of a regular billiard ball, was built for the occasion. The dinner was served at Green Gables, operated by C. W. Chitwood, a local Elk. The matches were exceedingly popular with the members and were watched with increasing interest as the season went on.



Above: P.E.R. G. M. Wilshire, of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, with his son, Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Wilshire. P.E.R. Wilshire installed his son.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge Is Engaged in Numerous Activities

On May 27, 1929, the "Farthest North" lodge of the Order, Fairbanks, Alaska, No. 1551, was instituted. It was successful from the beginning and has progressed steadily. The lodge is at present engaged in a building program for a home of its own, sponsors a Boy Scout Troop, cooperates with other organizations in the community and carries on its charity and lodge activities in a splendid manner. Its financial status is excellent. The Elks' Purple Bubble Ball is an annual social event.



At top: Officers of Kearney, Neb., Lodge and 30 candidates whom they initiated recently in honor of newly elected Exalted Ruler H. Haeberle.

Also above: The Charles Spencer Hart Class of 48 candidates and 12 affiliates who were inducted into Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge recently.

Left: The Fred Harper Memorial Theatre at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., which was impressively dedicated recently.

Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge Closes a Year of Exceptional Success

No member of a lodge is better qualified to judge its progress than the secretary. Dr. T. A. Jeffords reports that in his opinion the past lodge year was the banner year of the 34-year period during which he has served as secretary of Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge.

Under the leadership of E.R. Cliff Langford, all 1937-38 activities were splendidly handled. Through the Elks' Eyeglass Fund, which has been well kept up by donations from individual members as well as appropriations made by the lodge, many school children of the county were provided with the proper eye glasses for successful study.

Secy. R. P. Stillman, of Albion, N.Y., Lodge, Dies Suddenly

The sudden death of Secretary R. Pollo Stillman on March 29, brought sorrow to the members of Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, and to Mr. Stillman's large circle of friends. On the preceding evening, he had attended a meeting of the lodge of which he was a Past Exalted Ruler. He had acted as secretary for 17 years.

Mr. Stillman had been a leading photographer in Albion for half a century. All business places in the community were closed during the funeral services which were attended by many prominent Elks of the New York West District and by representatives of the local lodge.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Holds Its Annual "Press Night"

"Press Night," held annually by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, on a regular meeting night specially set aside in April for the entertainment of executives and the male employees of the press in Glendale, Los Angeles and nearby cities and towns, is always an outstanding occasion. This year, Roy E. Clayton, Publicity Director of the lodge, was again Chairman for the evening, the speaking program was excellent and the "Night" as enjoyable as any that had ever preceded it.

Jack James, racing expert and sports writer for the Los Angeles *Examiner*, gave the principal address. He took as his subject horse racing in the State of California and its effect on the public and the promoters. D.D. George D. Hastings, P.E.R., E.R. William J. Goss, and Mr. Clayton also spoke, crediting much of the success of the lodges of the district to the newspapers which have lent their columns continuously

to publicizing Elks' programs and keeping the public informed of the different phases of the community, charity and welfare work carried on by the Order. Short responses were made by publishers, owners, editors and other press representatives. All staff members, editorial or otherwise, were specially introduced. The program ended with a vaudeville show, arranged by W. M. Richard of the Entertainment Committee, and a buffet supper. Over 75 members of the press were present and 500 members of Glendale Lodge attended.

Many Elks to Make Good Neighbor Visit to Canada

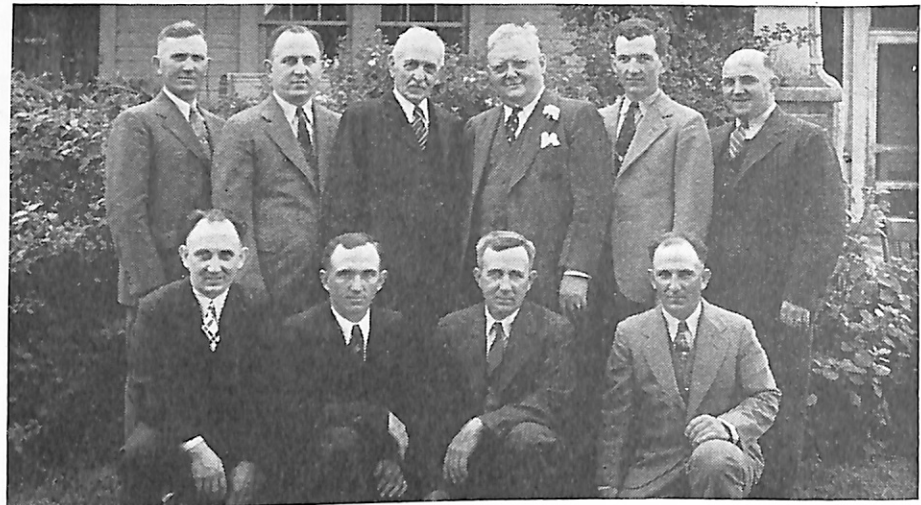
With final arrangements nearing completion for the Elks' Official Good Neighbor Visit to Canada, a good-sized delegation to the Dominion is assured. Major Charles Spencer Hart and Mrs. Hart will be with the party, as well as Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, accompanied by his wife and mother; District Deputy A. W. Ham and Mrs. Ham, of Las Vegas, Nevada, and District Deputy W. S. McAtee, of Oklahoma City.

Chillicothe, Ohio, is sending the largest group of members, with twenty-six already registered for the Good Neighbor Visit and more expected. This group, which is under the leadership of Past Exalted Ruler E. R. Miller, is leaving for Canada in advance of the official delegation but is joining it in Quebec.

Other States which have already reserved railroad and boat facilities for their delegations include New Jersey, North Dakota, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York and New Mexico.

Those participating in the Elks' Official Good Neighbor Visit to Canada will leave New York City by train on the evening of July 14, immediately following the National B. P. O. Elks Convention at Atlantic City. The day of July 15 will be spent in sightseeing in Montreal. In the evening there will be a party in one of the gay night clubs, after which the delegates will board the luxurious ocean liner, the *Duchess of Athol*, of the Canadian Pacific Line.

After a day's trip down the St.



Lawrence River, the party will disembark at the ancient city of Quebec for a sightseeing trip, which will include views of the old narrow streets and steep stairways leading down from cliff-like heights, the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm fought their historic battle, the ancient fortifications and the world-famous Chateau Frontenac.

This will be followed by a cruise down the St. Lawrence Seaway and out into the Atlantic Ocean to New York. This cruise will afford views of the picturesque Canadian villages inhabited by French Canadians, the great forests of the Land of Evangeline, and Cape Breton on the coast of Nova Scotia. The trip will end

Above are a father and eight sons who were recently initiated into Lima, O., Lodge at the Ohio State Father and Son Initiation held in Lima. The Alstaetters, pictured above with E.R. Roy E. Bowersock, are, back row, left to right: Gilbert, Albert, P. J. Alstaetter, the father; Mr. Bowersock, Harold and Clifford; front row: Waldo, Lewis, Emil and Clarence.

fittingly on Wednesday morning, July 20, with a view of the Statue of Liberty as the ship steams into New York Harbor.

For Elks who will not be able to spare the time for the Good Neighbor Visit to Canada after the Convention in Atlantic City, a special Post-Convention Tour of New York City has been arranged, with a busy program planned from the time of their arrival in New York on the evening of July 14 to the evening of July 17—three days of fun in the Wonder City of the United States.

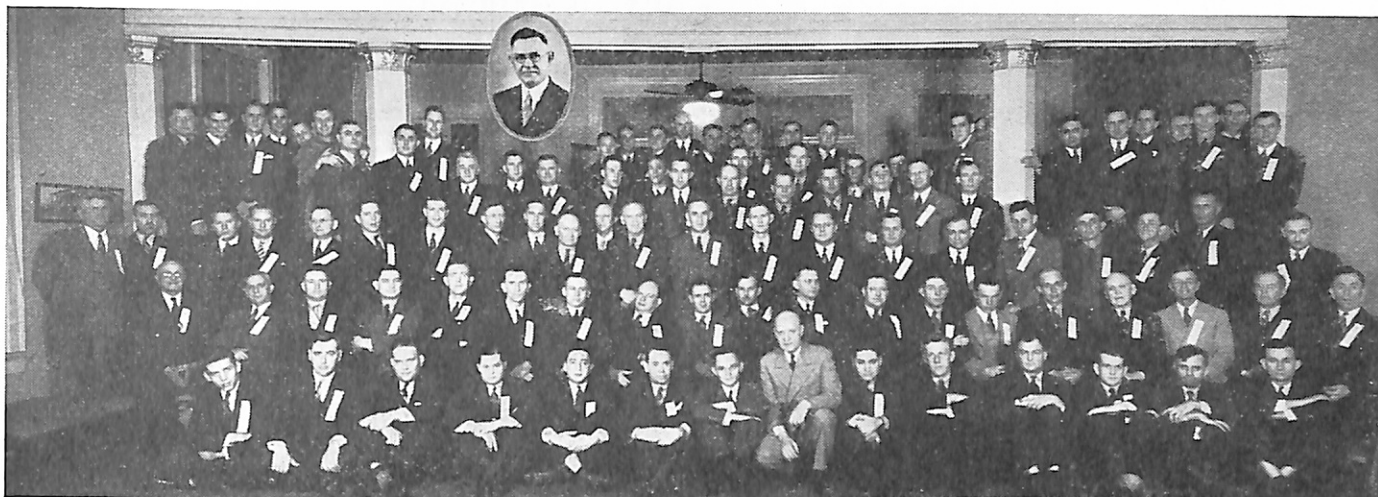
In New York the group will visit Radio City, witness a review of the cadets at the West Point Military Academy, inspect an ocean liner, go to one of the outstanding night clubs in the city and visit various points of special interest to Elks.

Below: A group of active members of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge photographed as they observed the 70th Anniversary of the Order.

State Association Convention Dates for 1938

New Jersey	Atlantic City	July 13-14
Montana	Anaconda	July 21-22-23
Idaho	Idaho Falls	July 28-29-30
Washington	Kelso	July 28-29-30
Maryland		
Delaware and District of Columbia	Hagerstown, Md.	August 7-8-9-10
Colorado	Ouray	August 19-20
Virginia	Newport News	August 21-22-23
Pennsylvania	New Castle	Aug. 22-23-24-25
Wisconsin	La Crosse	August 25-26-27
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 28 to Sept. 2
California	Monterey	Sept. 21-22-23-24
Oregon	Tillamook	Sept. 23-24
Vermont	St. Albans	October 1-2
Nevada	Reno	October 20-21-22





Above: The District Deputy Arthur L. Justin Class of candidates, the members of which were initiated into Little Rock, Ark., Lodge. (D.D. Justin inset at top.)

Information in regard to participation in either the Canadian or New York tour can be obtained by writing to *The Elks Magazine*. During the Convention at Atlantic City inquiries can be directed to Colonel H. Edmund Bullis, who will be registered at the Traymore Hotel.

Elks of the Ohio S.W. District Are Guests of Dayton, O., Lodge

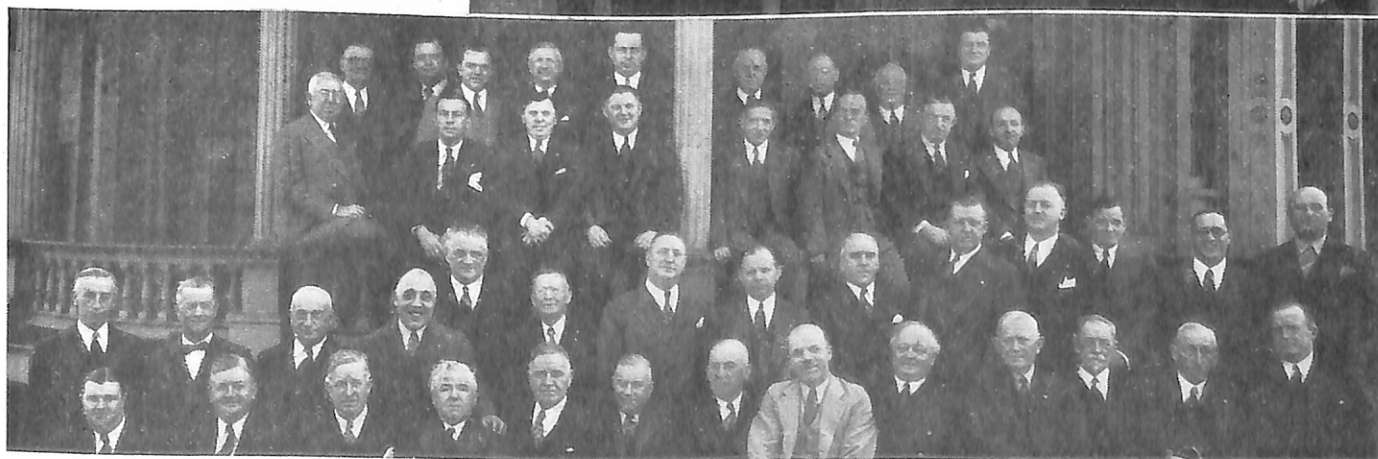
Dayton, O., Lodge, No. 58, was host recently to members of the Ohio Southwest District lodges at a meeting preceded by a banquet and followed by a social session. Initiation ceremonies were in charge of visiting officers. The large crowd was headed by E.R. Abe Gardner of Springfield Lodge, Chairman of the District Inter-Lodge Visitation Committee. D.D. Glenn B. Rodgers of Washington Court House, O., Lodge, was among those present.

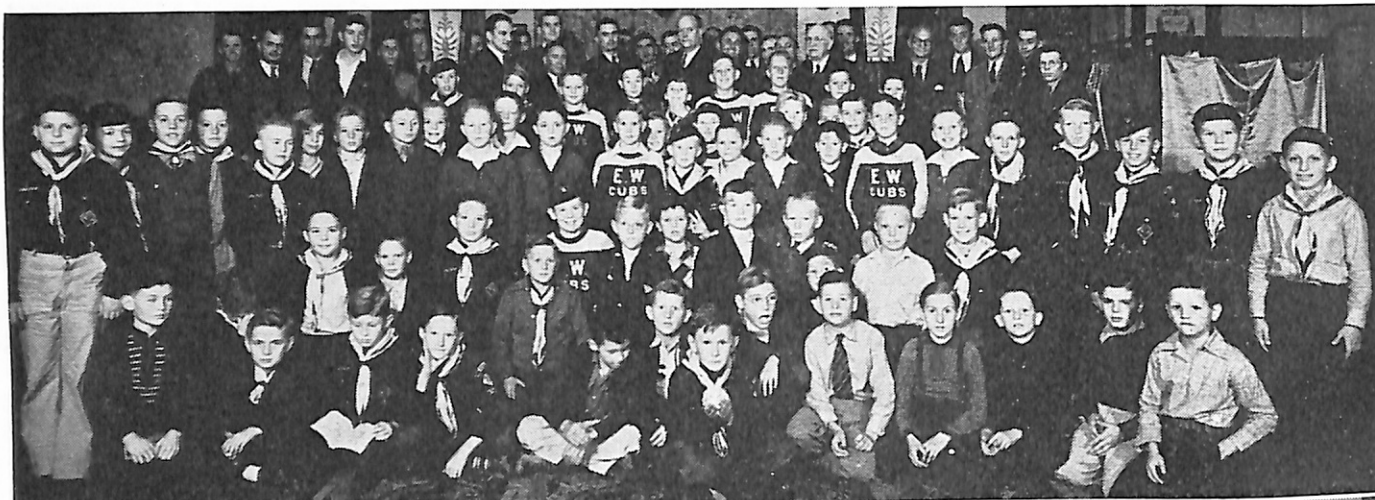
Below: Distinguished eastern Elks who made a pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, photographed in front of the Waterbury, Conn., Lodge Home. A large delegation from New York was headed by Grand Trustee William T. Phillips.



Above: Candidates of the Charles Spencer Hart Class recently initiated into Douglas, Ariz., Lodge at a joint meeting of Douglas and Bisbee Lodges.

Below: Officers and members of Longmont, Colo., Lodge photographed during the Lodge's largely attended celebration of the 70th Anniversary of the Order.





At top: Whittier Cub Scouts who took part in a recent track meet sponsored by Whittier, Calif., Lodge. A group of Elks appears in the background.



Above: A Charles Spencer Hart Class initiated in Ashland, Ore., in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The Class represented a number of southern Oregon lodges.

The Ladies of Taft, Calif., Lodge Install Their New Officers

Installation ceremonies were held recently in the home of Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, by the Taft Lady Bills Club. Mrs. Irene Campbell was installed as president. Mrs. C. A.

Below: A plaque honoring Joseph G. Buch, which was unveiled at the dedication of the Hydrotherapeutic Pool at the Betty Bacharach Home.



Shaney was honored as the "Mother" of the club. Several Past Presidents and Past Exalted Rulers occupied places on the rostrum. Entertainment and card playing followed the meeting.

Housewarming and Initiation Held by Gulfport, Miss., Lodge

Two hundred South Mississippi and Southern Coast Elks assembled recently in the home of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, to witness the initiation of a class of 31 candidates and enjoy a housewarming celebrating the completion of a new tile and stucco addition and improvements just completed in all parts of the building. The officers performing the initiation ceremonies were headed by E.R. Ralph E. Brash for whom the Class was named. The Class was made up of candidates for membership in Biloxi, Pascagoula and Gulfport Lodges.

Sam Miller of Hattiesburg, Pres. of the Miss. State Elks Assn., was the principal speaker, and Past District Deputy John J. Kennedy of Biloxi was one of the honored guests. The Ladies' Auxiliary entertained the visiting ladies and had charge of the lunch served on the front lawn after the meeting. The exterior of the home has been painted in colors to harmonize with the trees and shrubbery on the grounds and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico which it faces. The lawn was beautifully lighted for the outdoor festivities which took place that evening.

Needy Children Aided by Shortell Fund of Owensboro, Ky., Lodge

On June 29, 1911, Owensboro, Ky., Lodge, No. 144, adopted a resolution establishing a special charity fund to be held in perpetuity. The Fund was to be administered by the Trustees at their discretion, separate and apart from all other lodge funds. It was stipulated, among other provisions, that the Trustees make reports to the lodge annually or whenever requested to do so. The reason for this resolution was not given until February 1, 1912, when one of the members, on behalf of a deceased member, James D. Shortell, who had died on Oct. 8 the preceding year, presented to the lodge cash, bonds and mortgages in the amount of \$3,100, together with the nomination of C. C. Watkins as member in perpetuity of the J. D. Shortell Charity Fund with right of naming his successor.

The Fund has been augmented from time to time by donations. The donor has a right to name any Elk in good standing to act with the Trustees as Custodian. If he gives up or forfeits his membership, his right to act ceases. The family of one Owensboro Elk has made it the special object of its donations and has made three bequests. Two other members have bequeathed part of

their estates to the Fund and various entertainments given by the lodge have aided in its enlargement. The proceeds are used for the needs of indigent children in furnishing them with under-clothing, stockings and shoes. The growth of the Shortell Fund has been slow and steady rather than spectacular, but between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars have been expended since it was established.

Covington, Ky., Lodge Dedicates New Home on 43rd Anniversary

Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, initiated a large class recently in the lodge room of its new \$40,000 home. This was the last class initiated under E.R. Alfred Schild, 169 members in all. The dedication of the building was held in conjunction with the celebration of the lodge's 43rd anniversary.

The six-day program included the ceremonies of dedication performed by the Covington officers; the anniversary dinner, with the principal speech being delivered by the Governor of Kentucky, the Hon. A. B. Chandler, and P.E.R. Maurice L. Galvin acting as Toastmaster; card parties and luncheons for the ladies; the class initiation which was held



on Past Exalted Rulers Night; "Ohio and Kentucky Night," and the closing event, a "Grand Dance" for Elks and their friends. The first address delivered during the week of celebration was the address of welcome by Mayor H. A. Knollmann. Thomas Donovan was General Chairman.

Bellevue, O., Elks Make Visitation to Galion, O., Lodge

Sixty-one members of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, including all of the officers, made their visitation to Galion, O., Lodge, No. 1191, recently and performed the ritualistic work in the initiation of a class of candidates for the host lodge. They also initiated the son of a prominent Bellevue Elk into their own lodge. Quite a caravan was formed by the long line of private automobiles and the Greyhound bus chartered for the

Photographed at the Augusta, Ga., Membership Campaign meeting recently are P.E.R. A. H. Meredith, captain of the "Crackers" Team; J. Clayton Burke, Secretary of Atlanta Lodge and Chairman of the New Lodge Committee for the State Elks Association; Louis O'Connell, captain of the Irish Team; E.R. C. Wesley Killebrew, and Secretary J. L. Bartley. Eighty-two members were secured and 45 reinstatements.

trip. Bellevue Lodge later received a report from C. F. Unckrich of Galion, State Chairman of the Visitation Committee, stating that it had sent the largest turnout of mem-

Below: A view of 4,000 Elks and their ladies who gathered to witness a show and dance staged by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge for the benefit of its Boys Camp Fund. The affair was a tremendous success.

At bottom: The cast of one of the finest Mother's Day programs that has ever been presented on the Niagara frontier, as it appeared in the handsome Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge auditorium.





bers that had visited a sister lodge on Visitation Night up to that time.

Short talks were given by State Trustee Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Chairman of the Father and Son Committee; Walter Penry, Delaware, Vice-Pres., Ohio Elks Safety Campaign; D.D. John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky, and Mr. Unckrich. A dinner preceded the meeting and a buffet lunch was served before the visitors left for home. A variety of entertainment was provided. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by O. C. Koufman, at that time E.R. of Bellevue Lodge.

Little Rock, Ark., Lodge Has Most Successful Year in a Decade

Under the leadership of E.R. Perry J. Bott and Est. Leading Knight S. Hubert Mayes, Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29, experienced its most successful year in a decade. On June 11, 1937, the lodge moved into splendid new quarters. Shortly afterward, the Dedication Class was initiated, followed in October by a class initiation of 43 honoring Mayor R. E. Overman. The Elks Band Class of Dec. 9 numbered 132. The crowning event of the year was the initiation of 104 candidates on the date of the 70th Birthday of the Order, the class being named for D.D. Arthur L. Justin, P.E.R., who had personally contributed a large proportion of the applications for the various classes. In addition, more than 100 reinstatements were secured.

Joseph G. Buch Is Honored at Betty Bacharach Home

The dedication of the Hydrotherapeutic Pool at the Betty Bacharach Home at Longport, N. J., was an impressive part of the Mother's Day program held at the Home on Sunday, May 8. The pool is named for Joseph G. Buch, P.E.R. of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, Past President of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Mr. Buch has been a leader for many years in the numerous activities which have built the institution into one

of the most useful of its kind in the world.

A bronze plaque placed in the pool building, bears an inscription stating that the pool is dedicated in honor of "Joseph G. Buch, A Great Humanitarian". An oil painting of Mr. Buch was presented to the Home through him on behalf of his many friends, by Dr. Harris K. Cohan.

P.E.R. August L. Fournier, San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, Dies

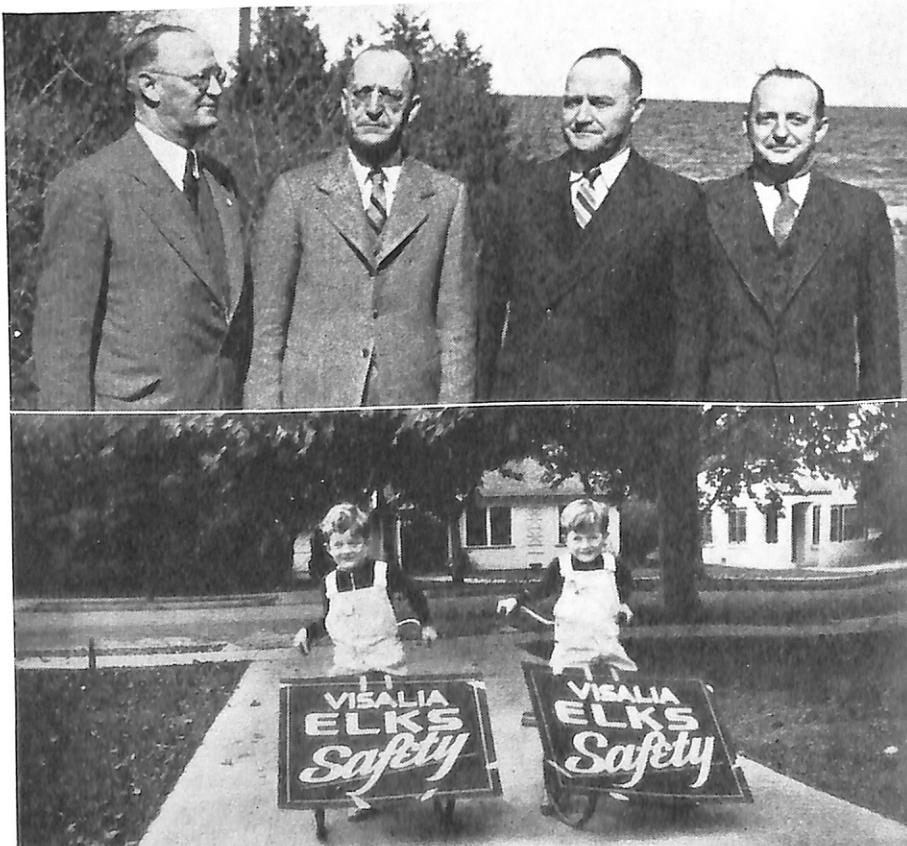
P.E.R. August L. Fournier, of San

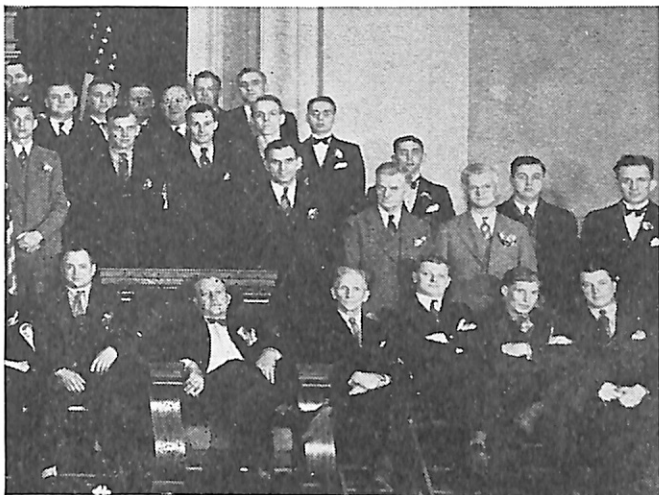
Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, died on May 16. A member of the Order since 1917, he had held various offices and engaged actively in the social and charitable activities of the lodge. His loss is keenly felt by the whole membership.

Mr. Fournier was appointed Esquire in 1920, and elected Exalted Ruler in 1924. For many years he served as Chairman of the Christmas Jinx Committee, personally conducting the orchestra. He was for a time President of the Board of Directors of the Building Association.

Visalia, Calif., Lodge among its many Traffic Safety activities posted such signs as these seen at bottom, carried by the twin sons of Past Exalted Ruler H. W. Kelly.

Below: Four brothers of Marinette, Wis., Lodge who are going by yacht to the National Convention in Atlantic City. They are Alfred A., John E., Walter E. and Othmar Henes.



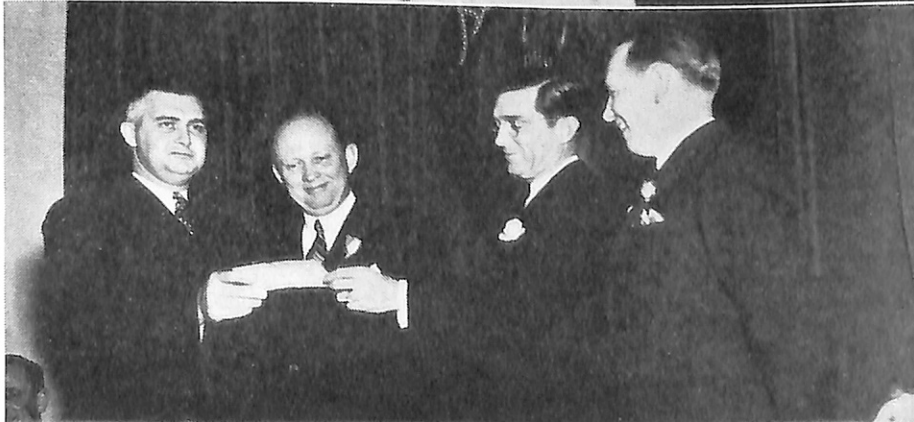
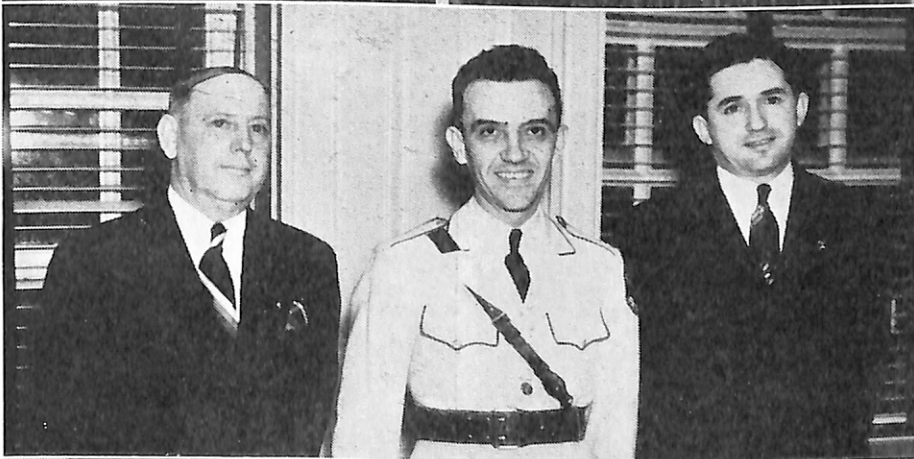


Left and on opposite page: A class of 67 of South Haven, Mich., Lodge, which was initiated by the officers of Manistee, Mich., Lodge during a large gathering of Elks at Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.

Below: The dance orchestra of Monterey, Calif., Lodge, which has done much to brighten the year for the lodge members by playing at dances and other social functions.



Below, center: P.E.R. Fournier J. Gale, of Mobile, E.R. Harry Dorman and P.E.R. Ben Mendelsohn, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, photographed at the Alabama P.E.R.'s Assn. meeting.



State Elks Sponsor Sectional Meeting at Ashland, Ore., Lodge

A class of 29 candidates was initiated at the spring sectional meeting held at Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944. Bend, Klamath Falls, Lakeview, Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass and Roseburg Lodges were represented and each had one or more candidates in the class. The ritualistic work was performed by Exalted Rulers of the various lodges.

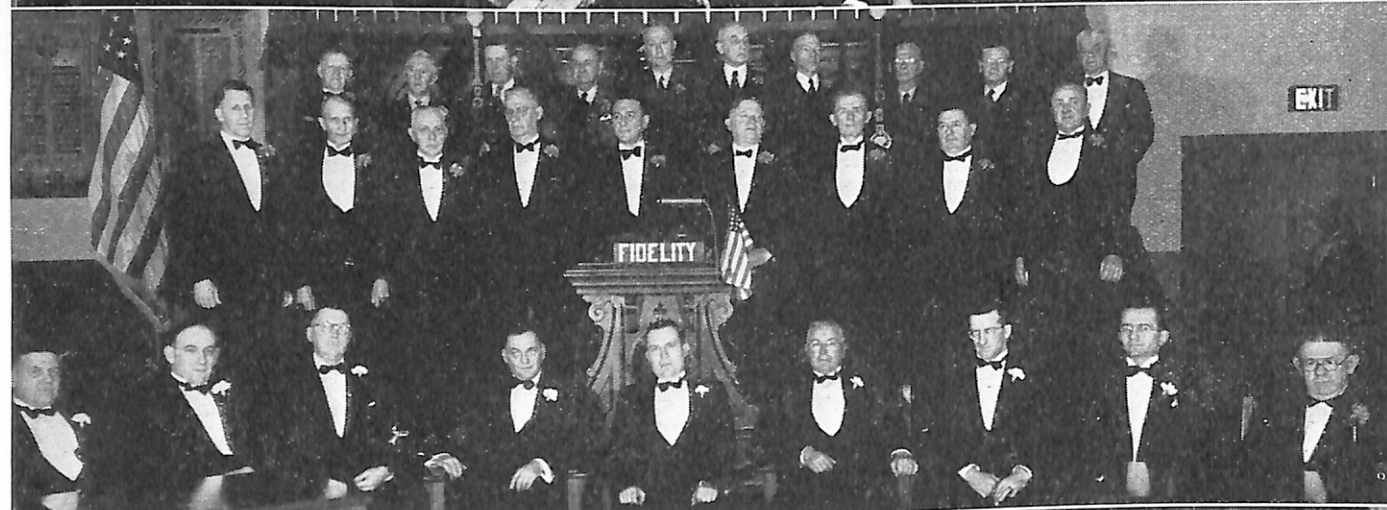
Included in the more than 500 Elks in attendance were D.D. Harry B. Ruth of Eugene Lodge, State Pres. E. W. Winkle, Medford, and Ernest L. Scott, Medford, Chairman of the State Publicity Committee. These sectional gatherings, sponsored by the Ore. State Elks Assn., have been very successful in promoting the welfare of the Order and stimulating Elk activities.

Inter-Lodge Visitation of Los Angeles Elks to Taft, California

A fraternal visitation, outstanding among the activities of California lodges, was made on May 13 to Taft Lodge No. 1527 by more than 300 members of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. The delegation, headed by E.R. E. D. Doyle and P.E.R. Robert S. Redington, included the lodge's famous Chanters, its band and a uniformed drill corps, and was accompanied by Past State Pres. L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and D.D. George D. Hastings of Glendale Lodge. Eight buses were chartered to transport the party. The visitors received an enthusiastic welcome after which they participated in a street parade followed by a barbecue held in their honor at Franklin Field near Taft.

The evening program was attended by the largest crowd that ever assembled in the Taft lodge rooms. The entertainment was furnished by Los Angeles Lodge. The highlight of the evening was the presentation by D.D. James O. Reavis, Bakersfield, of Honorary Founders' Certificate L-100, of the Elks National Foundation, to Taft Lodge. This was the seventh such certificate presented in California and the second presented during the term of Mr. Reavis as District Deputy for California East Central. Mr. Reavis has also had the honor of making the presentation to Bishop Lodge No. 1603 of its charter, and the Dispensation for its institution to Coalinga Lodge No. 1613, during this year.

Left: Robert S. Redington, Chairman of the Elks Committee for Santa Anita Charity Day, presents to Ralph K. Pierson, then Exalted Ruler of Compton, Calif., Lodge, a check for \$500 as Compton Lodge's award for winning the Charity Day ticket selling contest. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and D.D. George Hastings look on.



Mr. Lewis delivered the principal address of the evening, emphasizing the fraternal ties binding together all Elks and making possible such inter-lodge visitations as the Los Angeles and Taft members were enjoying that night.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge a Leader in Aid of Handicapped Children

At a recent luncheon-meeting of the local Kiwanis Club, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, received high praise from Joseph Spitz, assistant director of the N. J. State Rehabilitation Commission for Physically Handicapped Persons. Mr. Spitz declared that the record of the lodge for aiding handicapped children had given it a leading place among organizations engaged in that type of work.

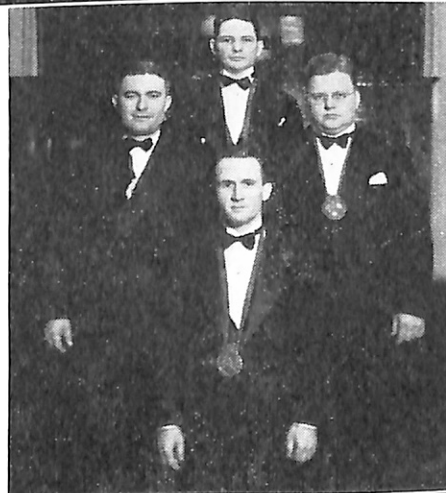
Dr. S. F. Wade, a member of Elizabeth Lodge, spoke on the "iron lung" purchased by the lodge and installed in the Alvin R. Eaton Memorial Hospital. The device is for the use of any resident of the city and its vicinity, and treatment is not confined to infantile paralysis victims.

(Continued on page 53)

Right: The uniformed Elks Safety Patrol which Oceanside, Calif., Lodge is sponsoring as its Traffic Safety movement for the year.

At top: The Exalted Rulers and Est. Leading Knights of California South Central Lodges when they visited Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge for the Est. Leading Knights Assn.'s monthly meeting. Above: The officers and charter members of Adams, Mass., Lodge on Old Timers' Night.

Right are four officers of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, all of whom are young attorneys. Top, E.R. C. H. Lockwood; lower center, Est. Lead. Knight James J. Dunn; right, Est. Loyal Knight Harold E. Steinbacher, and left, Est. Lect. Knight Robert H. Kirschman, Jr.



WITH a total registration of 600, the Annual Meeting of the Arizona State Elks Association took place on March 30-31, April 1-2, at Tucson. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather welcomed the delegates in his opening address.

A healthy and growing membership in all the lodges of the State was reported. The Ritualistic Contest proved to be one of the highlights of the Convention. The final scores were close, with the teams from Kingman, Prescott and Phoenix Lodges finishing in the order named. At the dance held that night, the Jack Hosfield Trophy for the year was formally presented to the Kingman team by the donor himself, P.D.D. Jack Hosfield, Secy. of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge. As a three-year winner, Prescott Lodge gained permanent possession of the Trophy at the 1937 Convention. The Annual Memorial Services were in charge of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight E. M. Dickerman, Tucson. Officers of the various lodges met at a breakfast at the Pioneer Hotel, presided over by Mr. Starkweather, for a discussion of their problems.

The ladies of the Arizona lodges provided the most pleasing action of the whole convention. Through their Chairman, Mrs. Edith Burns, they presented a check for \$4,000 to the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson. This sum had been raised during the year by the giving of parties at all of the lodges of the State. The Convention adjourned its Thursday afternoon session early in order to visit the Hospital. On Saturday the entertainment group brought from Los Angeles for the Convention, put on a performance for the patients. The annual meeting closed with a banquet at the Pioneer Hotel followed by a dance at the home of the host lodge, Tucson No. 385.

The officers who were chosen to serve the Association during the 1937-38 lodge year are as follows: Pres., Alex W. Crane, Phoenix; Vice-Pres., Isaac Polhamus, Yuma; Treas., Frank A. Michel, Tucson; Secy., Clyde Timberlake, Phoenix; Trustees: Harry F. Dise, Prescott; I. B. Ward, Douglas, W. A. Zitlau, Ajo; Assistants to the President: William Waldron, Safford, and John M. Blair, Kingman; Members of the Hospital Committee: Joseph F. Mayer, Globe, Chairman, M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, Secy.-Treas.,

Above, right: A group of Elks at the Arizona State Elks Association Convention snapped while visiting at the Arizona Elks Hospital. Lower right: At banquet are Past State Pres. Jacob Gunst; Toastmaster J. J. O'Dowd, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Mrs. A. W. Crane, State Pres. A. W. Crane, Mrs. Starkweather and retiring Pres. Harry F. Dise.

News of the State Associations

B. Anderson, Phoenix, Jacob Gunst, Tucson, and Peter Riley, Clifton. Douglas was selected as the convention city for 1939.

OKLAHOMA

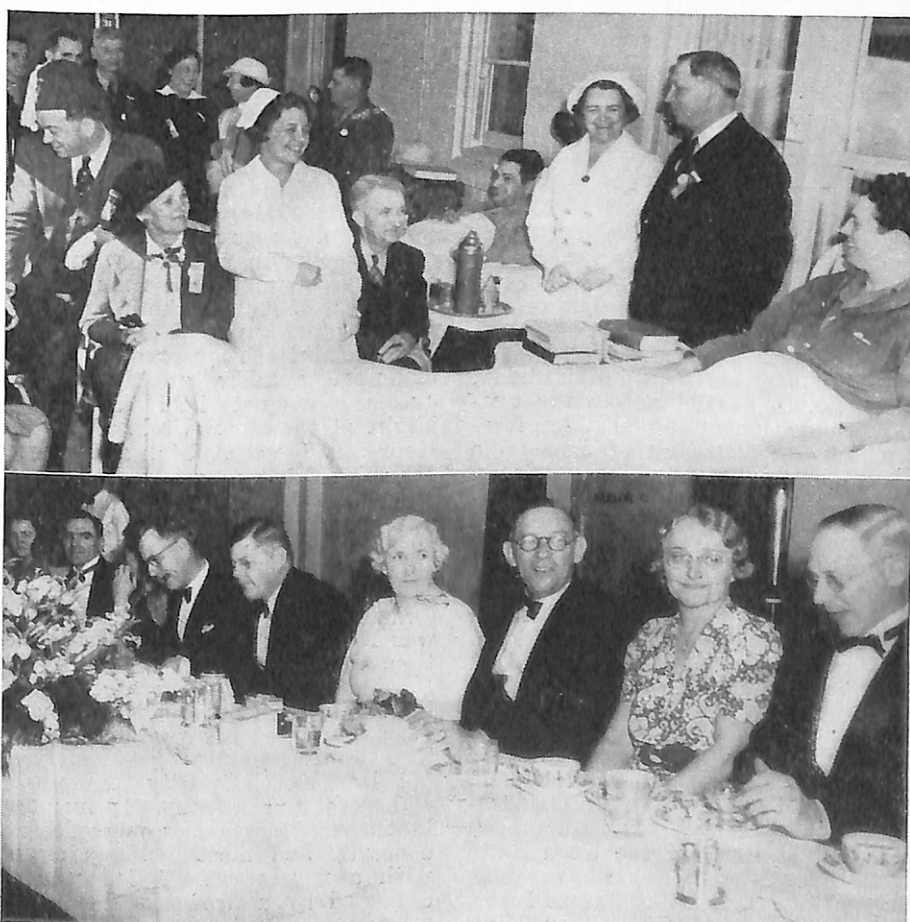
Registration of the 298 Elks attending the 31st Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association took place at the Wade Hotel in Duncan on Saturday, May 14, the opening day of the three-day meeting. At 5:30 P.M. the local high school band gave a concert in front of the home of Duncan Lodge No. 1446, and a dance was held that evening in the Elks' ball room.

The Ritualistic Contests, with three teams competing, began at ten o'clock Sunday morning. The R. L. Crutcher Cup, won for the second time by El Reno Lodge No. 743, with a rating of 98 per cent, was presented to E.R. Dr. Vincent P. Cavanaugh by P.D.D. R. K. Robertson of Sapulpa. The Bartlesville team was second and Oklahoma City third. Music was furnished by a young ladies' quartet from the Wo-

men's College at Chickasha. Pres. E. A. Guise, of Tulsa, introduced J. P. Brandenburg of Oklahoma City Lodge, who spoke on the history and principles of the Order. Visiting Elks and their families were entertained with a barbecue supper that evening at the Elks Country Club.

Pres. Guise, presiding at the Monday morning business session, called for the report of the committee which he had appointed to investigate the matter of providing scholarships for worthy young men and women in the business colleges of the State. It is the belief that the business college is of great value to students who have to work their way through college or university courses or go out into the business world after graduation. Mr. Guise assumed the responsibility for the organization and program, and the soliciting of money to meet a proposition submitted by the Business College Proprietors' Association. Past State Pres. George M. McLean of El Reno, Chairman of the

(Continued on page 51)





Above: Major Hart and distinguished Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge Elks photographed at an Americanism Rally held at Glen Cove.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Chas. Spencer Hart spoke to 400 Elks on April 25 at an open meeting of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, and was the guest of honor at a dinner which preceded it. He was greeted upon his arrival in the city by Mayor D. B. Butler and a welcoming committee from the lodge. The other speakers at the dinner were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain of Fairbury, Neb., and P.E.R. Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln, Neb., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. P.E.R. James M. Fitzgerald of Omaha, a member of the Grand Forum, presided.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in the capital of Utah on Thursday, April 28, to participate in the two-day celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the founding of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85, which began on April 29. He was met at the Municipal Airport by a delegation of Elks headed by E.R. Otto E. Vombaur, Jr., and P.E.R. E. W. Kelly, Past Grand Tiler. While events were getting under way and delegates from Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, California and all parts of Utah were registering, Major Hart in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain, P.E.R. George H. Llewellyn, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, Mr. Vombaur, P.E.R.'s D. E. Lambourne, E. W. Kelly and Paul V. Kelly, Past Pres. of the Utah State Elks Assn., made a visit to Park City, Utah, escorted by James Ivers, Gen. Manager of the Silver King

Coalition Mines Company. The party was welcomed by E.R. J. T. Cunningham of Park City Lodge No. 734, and the local high school band, and was entertained at luncheon at the mine.

Open house was held continuously at the magnificent home of Salt Lake City Lodge which was visited by approximately 2,000 Elks and their ladies during the Golden Jubilee celebration. Major Hart delivered several addresses and was the guest of honor at numerous functions. He addressed a public mass meeting in the assembly hall, on the L.D.S. Mormon Temple grounds, on the Elks Traffic Safety Program, and was the principal speaker at the Golden Jubilee Banquet held on Friday Night at the Hotel Utah. Governor Henry H. Blood of Utah and Mayor John M. Wallace made welcoming speeches, the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Vombaur, presided at the dinner, and Mr. Lambourne acted as Toastmaster. Past Exalted Ruler Harry S. Joseph, former member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, was Director-General of the celebration, and P.E.R. W. H. Nightingale, P.D.D., was in charge of registration. Mr. Rain also made a number of talks during his stay in the city. The anniversary program carried out by Salt Lake City Lodge was elaborate and lengthy. It included luncheons, teas, dances, massed band concerts, and meetings, and closed with a funfest at the lodge home climaxed by a fireworks display at midnight. Parades were held on Fri-

day and Saturday.

A real Western welcome was accorded the Grand Exalted Ruler when he visited Pendleton, Ore., on Sunday, May 1. He was greeted by members of Pendleton Lodge No. 288 and Elks from nearby cities. Chief Jim Kanine of the Walla Walla was also in the welcoming party and at his invitation, Major Hart attended, as the guest of honor, an Indian ceremonial at the Round-Up Bowl. During the festivities he was presented with an official Elk's robe by Melissa Parr, a Queen of the Round-Up, on behalf of the Pendleton Lodge membership, and also given a beaded bag by Chief Kanine. This entertainment was followed by a well attended banquet served in the lodge rooms. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a particularly interesting speech. The banquet was presided over by E.R. Raley Peterson.

Major Hart left the next day for Portland, accompanied by D.D. Jack E. Allen, of Pendleton Lodge, and Secy. Bruce Ellis. At 8 P.M. he attended a meeting of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, addressing a large gathering of local members and Elks from nearby lodges.

On Tuesday, May 3, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was escorted to McMinnville, Ore., by Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles C. Bradley and Frank J. Lonergan, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, P.E.R.'s of Portland Lodge. That afternoon he dedicated the new \$30,000 home of McMinnville Lodge No. 1283. An event associated with the

dedication ceremonies was the initiation of the largest class initiated since the lodge was instituted. The laying of the cornerstone preceded the Grand Exalted Ruler's address. The McMinnville High School Band furnished the music. Delegations were present from Portland, Salem, Tillamook, Corvallis and Oregon City and many leading Elks of the State were present, including the District Deputies, Harry B. Ruth of Eugene Lodge and Mr. Allen, and the President of the Ore. State Elks Assn., E. W. Winkle of Medford. The high point of the dedication came when Major Hart delivered the dedication address in the spacious flower-decked auditorium of the new home. Local and visiting lodge officers, Past Exalted Rulers, State officers and the District Deputies joined in honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler at a banquet at the Oregon Hotel at 6 P.M. At eight o'clock the lodge meeting was held during which the initiation ceremonies were performed.

MAY 4 was a big day in Tacoma, Wash., with everything in readiness for the entertainment of the Grand Exalted Ruler when he arrived that morning by plane for an official visit to Tacoma Lodge No. 174. P.E.R. Emmett T. Anderson, who served on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee with Major Hart a few years ago, and was President of the Wash. State Elks Assn. in 1930-31, was Chairman of the Reception Committee. A trip to Point Defiance for a day's salmon fishing had been arranged, with a dinner at the lodge home to precede the regular evening meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker. The Charles Spencer Hart Class of 30 candidates was initiated.

The visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the three-day celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, for which vast preparations had been made, had been anticipated for a long time by Elks all over the Northwest as well

as members of the local lodge. Major Hart was welcomed on his arrival by E.R. C. Norman Dickison and all the Past Exalted Rulers of Seattle Lodge led by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, John E. Drummey, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, and D.D. George C. Newell. P.E.R. Arthur Wichman was General Chairman of the celebration.

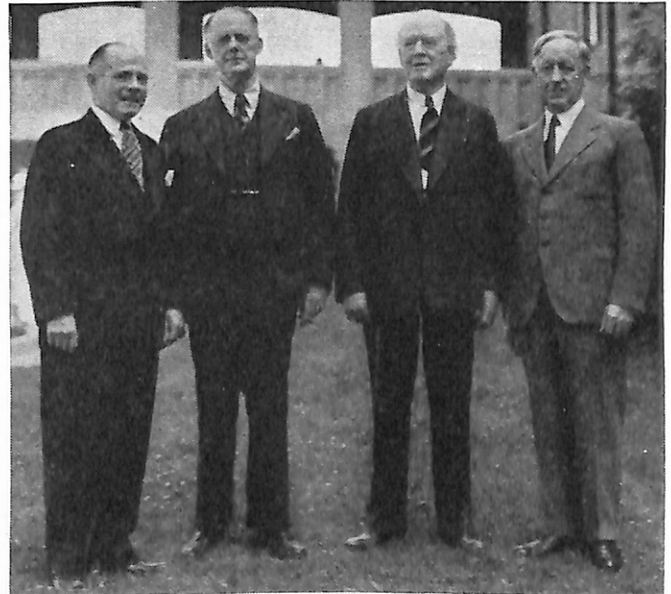
On Thursday, May 5, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was guest of honor at a dinner at 6 P. M. held in the lodge home, and was the speaker of the evening at what was one of the largest meetings ever held in that section of the country. A special Jubilee Class was initiated. The anniversary festivities ended on Saturday evening with an "Open House" for Elks and their friends, dancing and a "Days of 1888" entertainment.

More than 200 members of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, attended the banquet which their lodge gave in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Hart when he made his official visit there on May 6. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, officers of the Wash. State Elks Assn., and visiting Elk dignitaries from other

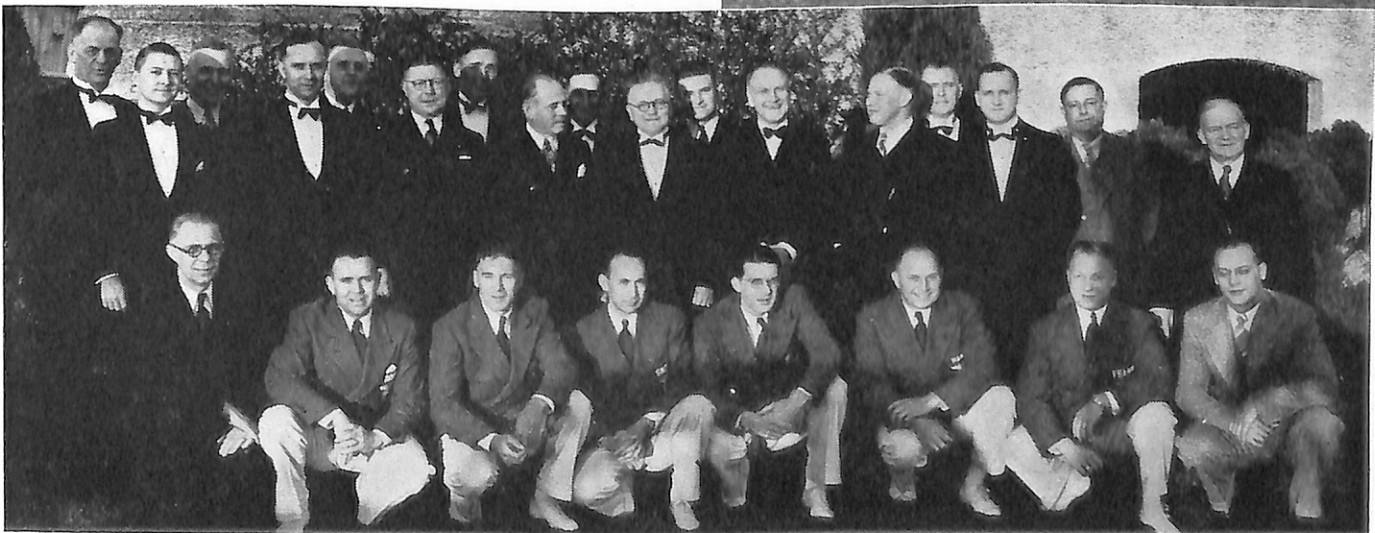
Northwest Washington lodges were present. Major Hart's stirring speech delivered at the close of the banquet met with an enthusiastic response. The Grand Exalted Ruler was gratified to learn that the Elks of Everett, carrying out his own safety program during 1937, had been largely responsible for an honor recently conferred upon their city. Everett was the winner in the National Traffic Safety Contest for cities in the twenty-five to fifty thousand population division.

ARRIVING by plane in Medford, Ore., on May 7 at 11 A. M., Major Hart was welcomed by members of Medford Lodge No. 1168 and taken on an auto trip to the top of Roxy Ann for a view of the valley. The party returned to the lodge home for a luncheon given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Hart and attended by the Medford officers and Past Exalted Rulers. He then flew to Klamath Falls for his scheduled meeting there. A large party of Medford members, traveling in a chartered bus and in private cars,
(Continued on page 52)

Right: Major Hart photographed with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Murray Hulbert, Judge Rush L. Holland and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as they appeared at the dedication of Fred Harper Memorial Theatre at Bedford, Va.



Below: Major Hart and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier are pictured with the officers of the Washington State Elks Assn., and officers and P.E.R.'s of Everett, Wash., Lodge when they visited Everett.



A Hundred Times

(Continued from page 7)

The dressing room was small—a rat-hole in size, a king's closet in dignity. The walls, the floor, the heroic sparseness of the furniture, were rich and overlaid with trophies—a lion's hide for rug, prostrate, with only the great head reared high; trainers' whips looped into brackets, the thongs dark with old-time famous use; photographs, magnified, of climactic acts, the huge beasts upon drum-like pedestals sloped from ends to center in huge pyramids of posing; the signed portraits of famous trainers of other days and countries, in tights, with muscled arms and chests like barrels and heads earnest with the dignity of art; cascades of golden medals lapped edge over edge like the scales of brilliant armor, on boards of display.

Riccardo flicked his whip.

"So—I am to need protection, am I? But the lion knows me—Riccardo! I—I alone—I put the head in the mouth. There is no other. Every night I do it. It is my act—Riccardo."

The girl stood—quiet, and demure, and disciplined; a showman's girl, a tamer's assistant—a skin like cream thrust amid the tawny glories of great beasts, a small hand trained to the carriage of a curbing whip, soft and heart-feeling eyes glinted upon by medals won in wars with lions. She said nothing.

"Ah, that handler!" Riccardo cried. "That egg-head! Tamers die, do they? Soon or late, do they? I will tame all the lions, I will eat all the lions!"—He glanced at the girl. Her diminutive and cut-gem beauty struck him suddenly. He swelled—a boy, a peacock, a gamecock, a male feather-wearer of any sort; he prized the girl because her eyes were mirrors of his splendor.

"Nina, you shall be queen!" he said. "You shall be the admired one, the empress-moth, the star of heaven. You shall be magnificent!"

The girl shivered suddenly.

"Oh, Tony!"

"Nina! What is the matter?"

"Nothing—"

"So—nothing"—Riccardo was angry. This girl was frightened—she said, "Nothing," as girls do; but there was as much the matter as the sea is deep. Next she would ask him to change his act—he, Riccardo! The whole world knew that Riccardo put his head into the lion's mouth. He lived in doing that. He was great, he stood upon pinnacles, he took wings, in doing that. And this pretty little jewel-featured girl, this little darling, was frightened, wanted him to stop, wanted to extinguish all the stars into everlasting night—because a thin-fleshed, sparse old beast handler had frightened her with a cross-eyed prophecy; because she was a woman with a woman's fears; because the lion roared; because the weather sometimes thundered; because all men died sometime—but especially because she wanted him, too, and was a woman.

"Nina, it is impossible!" he said.

She had asked for nothing—only her eyes had pleaded, soundless, giftless of words, enriched with fear and

longing, like nuns in silent supplication for grace upon mankind transcending words.

"Oh, Tony!" she murmured.

"Look, Nina—the head in the mouth, that is nothing so dangerous. Look, I, Riccardo—a hundred times—it is my glory—"

"Yes, Tony. Glory."

Her lips said one thing; and her eyes protested it—what was the big stick of glory to her? Lip service, nothing much, as much as philosophy to babies. She could no more be in glory, with her heart elsewhere, than a blind man may be in a gallery of old masters, or a deaf man be present at grand opera.

"So—now it is all right?" Riccardo said. "We are Riccardo, you and I?"

"Yes, Tony—Riccardo."

Night came; and the show came with it.

Show night was like all the other show nights—it had the unstaling repetitiousness and immortality that children have. The cave of the house had become alive again. The milling crowd flowed in, and surged upward along the stairs and aisles in clustered heat and brilliance—seasoned

and sprinkled with the years they lied about, grown people filled children's seats with child-like gaping; staring at gold-buffed and crimson-coated heralds of a world that never lived in daylight; and at athletes whose sweat of sinew and laboriously practiced grace of body was cloaked in arrogant pretense of elfin ease. The galleries, bleached and stricken in the morning, now clamored up like swelling topsails, the empty spars trimmed out with the pale bunting of six thousand faces. The arena glared under the spotlights, in the midst of the hoarse murmuring pit of the spectators' seats.

The show principals were in the cell-like dressing rooms, daubing on paint and assuming the harness of



"Now, who in the world could that be at the door?"

display, stripping to the glamor of bodily beauty—weary with ancient routine, restless with the undying expectation of the bugle call. They breathed the inveterate and thousand times breathed air of theater, stale with faded generations, intoxicating with the hot, immortal glory of display. Their bitten souls knew the ferocity of jealousy and struggling rivalry, tempered by the wine-bright headiness of applause; their faces wore the "Have you seen me?" look which is the heaven and hell and daily meat and drink of actors—the painted grins and gargoyle burlesques of the clowns spoke it aloud.

The Signorina of the lion act was in her cubicle. Her shimmering short skirt and spangled bosom looked absurd at close quarters. Paint was thick upon her cheeks and lips. Her eyelids were heavy with blueing. Her lashes were drenched in mascara. Away from the glaring spotlights, she looked barbarous. Her blank-cartridge pistol hung loose at her hip. Her whip leaned against the wall.

The first call for the act came, a small bulb by her table flashing into brightness and out again like a beckoning finger-tip—minute, unruffled, and inexorable. The Signorina took the whip from the wall; she let it hang loose by the strap at her wrist. She posed once before the mirror, her garish figure looking back at her out of glassy depths.

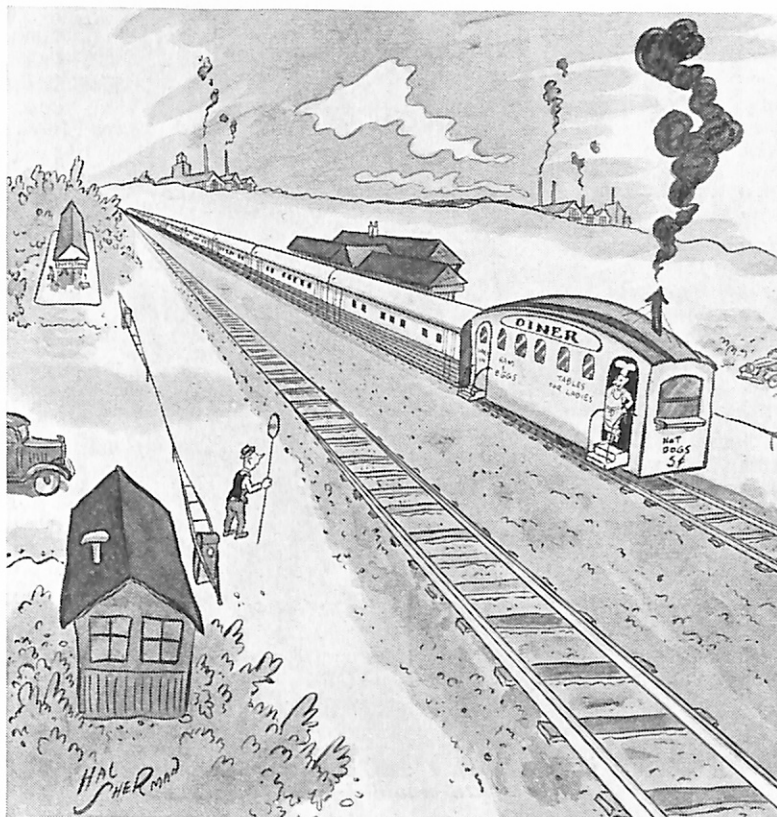
The small bulb flashed again—two swift electric gleams, arousing, speaking with the secret tongue of oracles—and then blind silence as mute of prophecy as the sphinx.

She started towards the door. She could hear the applauding roar from the arena, where the crowds who risked neither sweat nor life watched hair-trigger dexterity play with both. In a moment she would be in the blaze and glory of the crowded amphitheater—with the faces of the crowd like beacons shining on her, the plaudits pealing down like showers of stars.

But she stopped suddenly. As though some pale angel had brushed her lightly with the throb of wings; she shivered. Then she turned suddenly, and knelt down, and prayed.

"Oh, God, don't let it happen—Oh, St. Anthony, don't let him close his mouth—"

She got up, and straightened her dress. As she stepped out into the corridor, she looked to see if anyone had watched her. Two girl eques-



"Our dining car broke down at Poughkeepsie."

triennes were coming by, in the relaxed and blessed exuberance of coming off the act. They stared at her.

"Hello—what you been doing, Nina?"

"Nothing."

The girls stared after her; and she went on quickly, her face a mask.

When she came out of the tunnel into the open space behind the barrier of the arena, her carriage straightened, and her step slowed. The flare of the band music and the flutter of banners throbbed in her ears; the infernal brilliance of the pit of the amphitheater struck hotly upon her face.

Riccardo was already at the barrier—haughty, the showman to his finger-tips, the master of the fine edge of death, magnificent. The roustabouts were wheeling the great cages from the hidden elevators to the stage—the gates would open, and the beasts come out in a release of savage tribes, trailing down the sloping bridges to the floor of the arena. Above the stage, to form a backdrop to the carnival of beasts, young girls in puff-ball suits, like bobbing angels, sacred in beauty if not sacrosanct, graceful, with all their rigid schooling glossed over by perfection, were displayed high upon a wired arch, and seemed to float from heaven.

The beasts came down, flashing upon the flying bridges in the scalding spotlight, and made a tawny flood in the arena.

Riccardo went through the barrier into the jungle vortex—he was Caesar, Napoleon, Riccardo. The girl followed him. As she went through the barrier she saw Murta standing

just outside it—long and lean, lined with the other handlers in the shadow of the wall. No showmen, these, workers in somber uniforms, kept inconspicuous during the advance of glory, thrown swiftly forward to cover retreat, the seamy side and foil to fame.

"Hello, Signorina," Murta said.

The girl turned sharply. Her athlete's chest swelled in her glittering bodice. Her eyes flashed brilliantly. Her carmine lips parted in a smile—defying fate, defying prophecy, defying death, rash and gleaming with devotion.

"This is the hundred and first time, Murta," she said.

Murta's smile was slow and drooping at the corners.

"Yes, Signorina."

"Well?"

"Nothing, Signorina."

The girl went on.

She saw that Riccardo was handling the whip with too much violence. His gestures protested his mastery too much. His face showed nothing.

The lions were going through the first pedestal routine—submissive to a discipline that was no more than eggshell veneer over a thousand generations of ferocious liberty. Zulu, the great maned king of the tribe, refused his jump, Riccardo fired blank cartridges. Zulu jumped—as he should jump, but late. The attendants were beginning to take an interest.

The first part was over. The lions were sent back to their cages. The roustabouts changed the properties in the ring. They rolled in the low drum pedestal for the "head in the mouth".

Zulu was to come out alone. The handlers would open his single gate and he would come. He had not come. He was slow; he was refusing; the handlers were doing something.

The crowd was straining forward in its six thousand places—the field of the faces was snow under firelight in the glare of the arcs and the spotlights. They knew what was coming; this was it, the monstrous thing they had paid their money to see, the "head in the mouth". Sight was unreal and hectic; sound was fabulous—there had been shouts, whip cracks, blank cartridges; but now all was stilled. Riccardo had put his head in the lion's mouth a hundred times—but there was always the hundred and first.

The lion had not yet appeared. Riccardo stood watching—a bronze-

skinned, wiry muscled boy a child in gaudy tights, a baby awaiting a lion.

Zulu was visible—a tawny gleam in the deep cage shadows. He was not yet out. The gate was open, but he sulked. They were contriving spurs to his reluctance. He would come out in a moment, sullen as the damned, blessed only with a giant's strength and hatred of the gods.

The Signorina screamed. Her sudden voice shattered the sacred hypocrisy of all showmen, from crooners to imperial dictators, that nothing is ever wrong with the show. Her scream made all other earthly sounds be still as death.

Her hair floating, her eyes brilliant, her body gaining inches, her spirit manifest as though angels filled her soul, she blazed. She cried out with unworded protest against the intolerable stupid tyranny of fate. She threw her whip behind her; sprang to the flying bridge that sloped down from the stage; and ran straight for the open gate of the lion's cage.

Riccardo, in the electric and soul piercing pause of his astonishment, had seen everything—the vast and staring cavern of the pit; the stunned, unbreathing fixation of the mob; the frail and fiery comet of the girl's swift body; the slow looming of the lion's giant bulk. Swinging his whip butt-end to, he raced after the girl.

HE caught her at the cage's mouth. He threw her back and out. Swept by his own gesture, he plunged into the den.

The lion rose, rousing like the slow shoulders of a giant sea. Baited, astonished, maddened, goaded by incredible wrongs, indifferent as to which insect he crushed, he tried to spring.

The quarters were too small. This madman's world was pitched too close. He came on, cramped in evil space—maniac, murderous, but too short at hand for the killing leap. Riccardo jammed the whip butt in the mouth. The two bodies closed. The driving and the driven weight of the two together swung shut the inward opening gate, and held it against rescue.

From the gay arch overhead, the puff-ball girls came tumbling down from the high wires like tinsel stars falling out of heaven—fallen out of their splendid arbitrary order into the banal tumbling together of humanity. They screamed, and ran.

Out of the vast glitter of the crowded amphitheater, a giant cry arose. The benched and towering



"Now let's see! If I was a lost collar button, where would I be?"

walls of the huge pit rose erect like forests springing suddenly to life—became filled and crowded with the swollen throng of standing and excited people. The paled cataract of faces, falling from the high top to the base, like wind-blanced leaves on trees, countless, swayed with agitation. The people stood, a multi-thousand risen mob, in mass prodigious, formidable, mad as the wind-roused seas; in detail eccentric, small, sharply and oddly drawn in awkward poses.

As they stood, from grown children watching fairyland they woke savagely into primeval man witnessing savage combat—death stalking, and the passion of the pitched climax of the kill. They breathed, unconscious of the trivial necessities of life; their souls lived in the fierce intensity of the striking death before their eyes.

While their blanched lips cried for rescue, and their futile gestures offered it—like babies reaching for the moon—in their deep and wordless hearts the stir of primeval and forgotten ferocity, the heritage of heroes and of beasts, bristled their scalps and moved their profound souls with the madness of the waking dream of killing.

AROUND the closed lion's cage, the men of the show worked desperately. The roustabouts were here—pole-bearers, rope-throwers, prodgers and pullers, lavish wasters of blank cartridges, with all their noise as useless as sermons to the wicked.

"Drive him back! Pull him off!"—they cried exhortations to tear open locked iron bars, to seize a monster with bare hands, to lift a titan's

weight—dwarfs wrestling with the king of giants.

They went at it like courageous pygmies. They fought with the tribal instinct of mankind to turn at bay upon unleashed and savage nature—to defend the painfully achieved lordship of creation against fire and flood and beast, all the rebellion of the wild elements it ruled. They risked their necks and blood; they forgot sane prudence and all the loss to come; they hung like hornets upon the face of danger. Men who knew Riccardo no better than a picture on a poster, and cared for him no more than stokers do for admirals, rushed headlong in. Sweat stood on them—cold; they shook with the chilling seizure of men in battle.

The Signorina was here, beads on her icy face, laying bare hands against the bars of the cage until the men tore

her away. Murta was here, rearing his brown impassive face above his long, lean body—an earth-god from old time come back to judgment. Lally himself was here—dug up from his box-office tomb hoisted imperiously from ownership into command.

"Blanks are no good," Lally said. "Shoot!"

MURTA had the rifle and ball cartridge. He raised it with the slow exactitude of doom.

"Lay a sight on his ear," Lally said. "You daren't try for the mouth—the man is too close."

Murta didn't hear—he had the deafness of the artist in the crisis of execution. He had enough to do in dividing life and death between the two sides of a hair, without listening to the stray thoughts of all the show magnates in the eastern states.

The thunder, the shock of the rifle shot, rolled over the densely packed space. The flame of it blew out in a thin stream, and vanished. The choking smoke filled eyes and nostrils.

They dragged Riccardo out, and laid him on the ground. He wasn't dead—quiet in the midst of pandemonium, saving his shortened breath, the waxen and doll-like center of the storm of interest, the ragged goal of the stampeding curious, he lay still, with closed eyes. The crowd milled down upon him—an avalanche from the heights, a sea of eyes and heads rolling along the floor. The handlers held the people back. In the close ring about the tamer's body, the Signorina knelt. She saw his eyelids flutter.

"Oh, Tony!" she whispered.

He heard her, and opened his eyes. He looked into her face, and grinned. He knew he was nowhere near dead—only chewed a little. It would take more than that to kill him. He felt immense strength—death was a myth; old age hadn't been invented yet; a lion's mouth never closed. He lay in blood and smiles.

THE men lifted him to a stretcher and carried him away.

The surgeons patched him up—they did a good job of it. They let the Signorina in to see him, hours later—she had been sitting on a bench outside the door until hospital attendants had grown eye-weary of her, and prayed to be delivered from the devotion of all female creatures.

She came in, and looked at Riccardo. The air was sweet and sickish with the ghosts of ether fumes, and hushed with the soundless walking of the printless feet of death. Riccardo lay upon his cot, watching the girl come in—bandaged, sewed up, mummified, mocking his burial, impertinent to death. The girl saw him

look at her; and rushed to him.

"Tony, Tony, I didn't mean it! I couldn't stand it any more—he was going to close his mouth. I knew he was! Sooner or later a lion always does. I had to stop it, it couldn't go on—I wanted him to kill me instead of you; that would end everything"—she put her hand gently on his forehead; she bent over him; she stroked the air above him in caresses she was afraid to lay too grossly on his injuries. Her eyes were swollen small; her body trembled, too frail to hold her passion—"Oh, Tony!" she murmured. "I'm sorry—"

SHE was sorry. Her lips said it—but she had no notion of retreat. Catastrophe was nothing to her. If the thing had not already been done, as fatal as the burning of Troy, she would have done it again.

Riccardo looked at her—a girl in a preposterous short skirt and baby's bravado of tinsel tunic, her painted cheeks furrowed and muddled with the stale scars of tears—a girl who had risked her body against lion-mauling, and dragged his after

hers; had terrified six thousand people with the sight of gaudy death; had blown up the greatest show on earth as though lightning had struck dynamite—and all she wanted now was to kiss and make up.

HE felt weak—like a kitten with a cat watching over it. He felt weak as a baby before this weak-handed girl. He began to smile.

"Oh, Tony!"—the girl brooded over him, watching him smile. "Love me," her eyes said. "My love will shelter you"—her gaudy clothes, her frail body, were too small to hold her love; it shone out of her; her weak gesture showed how small it was in power, how strong in wish. Words were nothing; madness was necessary. Her love made an aura over her; it covered her like stars.

Riccardo raised himself a little. He looked at the girl. Some sort of understanding came to him.

"It's all right, Nina—everything. I will have another way to show off a lion. My head is too good for him to eat so often. I will use it otherwise—I will save it to wear hats."

The Glory Oak

(Continued from page 15)

See you later." And mounting, he rode off toward the ranch house.

At mid-morning they rode off together, Kent and Marylu, side by side. She had insisted upon it. And he had dreaded it—part of him; the other part eagerly yearning for it, as a symbol and a recollection.

But a night and part of a day had passed, and both had avoided mention of the Glory Oak. He hoped she would not lead him to it on this ride. . . .

As children they had played at prince and princess, and carried it on into adolescence and young love, a secret between them. Secret, too, and sacred, they held their trysting place, beneath the great sentinel oak at the edge of the rim-rock. They named it, privately, the Glory Oak, and wove it into the fabric of their dreams. Not until he was nineteen and bent upon leaving did he put an end to the make-believe. It had seemed to him the first act of his maturity, the thing which set childhood definitely behind him. She had called him prince. . . .

He said, tight-lipped and drawn, "We play at prince and princess, but you are a real princess. Your throne is set high on a pile of gold. You are John Semmes' daughter. Princess Royal, heir-apparent to his kingdom, while I"—he could still taste the youthful bitterness of his smile—"am a range rider."

He had bowed stiffly, with a satir-

ical sweep of his broad Stetson. "I go, your Royal Highness, to seek fame and fortune in the wide world. I will come back when I have won them, to meet you here under our Glory Oak."

But underneath the satire it had been deadly serious then. She had wept a little, and clung to him. But he had ridden away. Out of John Semmes Valley. Out of her life. For eight years.

He wondered, as he kept his eyes averted from that towering landmark on their left, whether she was remembering, was thinking about that. She must have been, for she said, "It is not fame, for you found that years ago and did not come. Nor fortune. What is it, Kent Coryell? What brought you back?"

He could not tell her that he had come hurrying back to protect her interests—only to find Glenn Fisher already on the spot and able to handle those interests ten times better.

"Does it matter? Call it curiosity."

"The great world traveler returns to gaze upon the site of his provincial origins."

He said, gravely, "It pleases your Majesty to make sport of me."

First open reference to that prince and princess game. . . . Color drained slowly from her cheeks. He bit his lip, and would have given anything to withdraw the words. Why could they not meet without this tensi-

ty of struggle? Bickering, flicking each other on the raw.

He said, "I should never have come back."

"Why?"

He remained silent. "Wait." She raised a hand. "I think I know. Sometimes it is better to hold a memory intact than to view reality and know that it is soon to be destroyed utterly."

His heart gave one great leap, then steadied again. Orange groves—alfalfa fields—sod-busters. . . . Then she, too, felt that keen, instinctive resentment.

He said, "It is progress. Inevitable. Only a fool fights against progress."

She said, "When a horse pulls his picket, there is someone to catch him up and drive the picket in again. But when a life is anchored to a place . . . a mode of living. . . ."

They rode on, spiraling upward along one of the half-dozen trails leading up to the rim-rock. She was right; and he knew it. In coming back, he had lost something irreplaceable. Always in the hard spots his memory of her had been a steady wall behind his heel. He realized now that John Semmes, too, and John Semmes Valley and all it stood for had been a part of that bulwark. He could think back to it, knowing that it was there, immutable, comforting in its changeless solidity.

And now—John Semmes was

dead; and Marylu had shifted over to another world, a bright, cosmopolitan world of progress—and anchorless drifting. Even John Semmes Valley, the very range itself, would soon be . . . orchards! Neatly surveyed rectangles of ditches and trees. Worth—what had been Glenn Fisher's cautious word?—conservatively, ten times more per acre than its value as cattle range.

And what of Jim Maddox, who preached steadiness as a religion, and for the last thirty of his fifty years had been sending down roots into this John Semmes Valley, as hand and foreman on the big J-S spread? A solid, tangible world of land and grass and water, melting into a fluid world in which land and grass and water were all merely mutable phases of money. . . . He visioned driving a picket stake into a shifting pile of coins. Or sending down roots into it. . . .

They stood presently at the grave of John Semmes, on a promontory of rim-rock. The headstone was a rough granite boulder, of the same stuff as the mountains which fringed the valley. On it was carved 'JOHN SEMMES', without dates; and beneath, that phrase which had been used as the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral:

'IF YOU WOULD SEE HIS MONUMENT, LOOK ABOUT YOU'

He looked. Out across the broad valley, dotted with herds, redolent of sun-baked sage, and the winey tang of cedar.

The vision faded, and he saw orchards, precise rectangles bounded by muddy ditches. Memorial to old John Semmes!

She was close, so close to him. She turned, facing him, and her two arms went beneath his, reaching upward along the spread of his shoulders. He looked down into her eyes, and felt all the wild thrill and hunger and tenderness. But he did not kiss her.

He said, "I should never have come back. It unsettles things that were a long time settling."

They walked toward the horses, mounted.

"And should remain settled?"

"And should remain settled." He nodded gravely.

There was a catch in her voice. "I wonder . . . whether any-

thing in this world should—or can. There was something, once, which I believed had been settled. . . ."

The words of his old promise came back to him, "—to meet you . . . under our Glory Oak." Could she mean that? John Semmes' grave was behind them. They were moving along the rim-rock trail. She had chosen the direction. Ahead, he knew, less than a quarter of a mile ahead, around the next bend, towered the Glory Oak. . . .

A switch-back lariat trail led downward. He kned his horse close to hers, turned them both into that downward trail. He kept his eyes averted from the quick, searching glance she turned in his direction.

"—to meet . . . under our Glory Oak." After eight years, to ride there together could have but one meaning. She had invited it, choosing the direction. Turning the horses downward had been his answer, and he knew she knew.

They rode slowly, in strained silence. Then, as the horses reached the foot of the slope and lined out across the floor of the valley to the ranch house, "Do you remember," he said, and broke the tension with an anecdote involving John Semmes and Jim Maddox, already complaining of his age, and the pair of them.

They were nearing the ranch house. Rigs were there, and buckboards, and saddle horses tied in the shade of the liveoaks. Just as Kent

finished speaking, Glenn Fisher came hurrying out of the ranch house. Marylu appeared to be looking straight at him as she joined in Kent's laugh at the reminiscence. Fisher halted abruptly, close to their horses, his face suddenly clouding.

"So. He has told you. And you think it is funny. Go ahead and laugh, then. After all, it was more a bumpkin skill than any bravery on his part."

She looked down at him. "What in the world are you talking about, Glenn?"

His anger increased with words. They came tumbling out of him pell-mell. He told of the morning walk, of the rattlesnake, and of his fit of trembling and nausea after the danger was past. Again he mouthed the phrase "bumpkin skill", resentfully, contemptuously.

When he was quite through she remained silent for a moment, looking down into his flushed face.

"And you think that Kent was using that story—"

Fisher cut in, "To make me appear ridiculous. To wean you away from me. It's obvious that the man is wooing you, using every weapon at hand, playing on childhood memories and sentiment." He turned straight toward Kent. "Aren't you?"

Kent sat straight and still in his saddle. He could feel the warm blood rising into his cheeks, and wanted to leap off his horse, to strike, to hurt,

to maim. He made a conscious, tight-jawed effort toward objectivity. Jealousy and heart pride—temporary madness. What difference did it make what Glenn Fisher thought of him, or suspected him of doing? Fisher was a good man, intelligent, educated, cosmopolitan, a successful unit in that world of business and progress of which Marylu had become a part. A fit man to turn a cattle empire into a business empire in Marylu's interests. . . .

And himself? He could snap the head off a rattlesnake. And he could rope and tie a steer one-tenth of a second faster than anybody else in the world. Fisher was right. Bumpkin skills, both of them, childishly inutile in this modern world.

Marylu was looking at him; but he could not read her face. He said, "Sorry you think so poorly of me, hombre. You're wrong—both ways. I'm leaving



"Now, go out there and do your best, dear."

Semmes Valley in the morning."

He heard Marylu gasp, then speak woodenly, all life gone from her voice. "Don't be silly, Glenn. Kent told me nothing about it. Besides, only a fool is unafraid of a rattle-snake."

Fisher's face cleared. Reassured, he seemed to shrug off the whole matter instantaneously. "That is so, isn't it?" Relief was in his voice. "But I am forgetting. . . . The house is full of people. Valley families who say they heard Coryell is back and came over to welcome him. I hurried out to warn you."

"Warn?"

"Yes. To warn you not to mention our plan to build a dam. Our investment in the dam will increase the value of their land ten times over. That profit is legitimately ours. We will buy their land at fair range prices, full value for the land as it stands now. But if you tell our plans, it will hand them a gun to hold at our heads. They control at least a tenth of the valley. Coryell, I know we can count on you to be discreet. You were told in confidence. . . ."

Marylu turned quickly to Kent, looking at him, tense, questioning, a kind of hidden excitement vibrating within her.

He sat his horse quietly, his eyes fixed on Glenn Fisher, then turned and gazed out across the broad

valley. John Semmes Valley. A living monument to the old cattle king. . . .

Freeze-out. To gain a tenth, when he already held the other nine. He tried to imagine old John Semmes playing that game. Against the Grays and Terrills and the Richardsons, and all those others. Neighbors. Old friends. Friends who, following the homely Texas custom, had moved in upon him in a group, taking over the whole house and the running of it, "sitting up" with him for three full days when Marylu's mother died. . . . John Semmes, who had paid out of his own pocket to have the six big water holes on the valley free-range deepened and lined with boulders, so that their springs would flow freely the year round.

That had increased the wealth of the entire valley—every man in it. Glenn Fisher would have had John Semmes hog all that range, buying it up at semi-desert prices before putting money into improving those water holes. Legitimate profit. . . . Good business. . . . Progress—in-avoidable.

Or was it?

Suddenly, in a flash of startled illumination, Kent realized that Glenn Fisher spoke a different language from that used in John Semmes Valley. As different as Chocktaw. As different as a native jargon of

Timbuctoo. . . . A language containing no word meaning *friend*, or *neighbor*.

Marylu's laugh broke through his reverie—high, slightly hysterical. "Kent, isn't that just dandy? Buy them all out and take the profit on their hundreds along with my thousands of acres. Why, I can raise the pile of gold beneath my throne a good ten feet higher than we had expected! I'd never have thought of it, would you? You'll have to hand it to Glenn. The lad is a mighty clever boy!"

The flip, Eastern slang broke harshly on his ears. People were boiling out of the ranch house, seeing them, and too impatient to wait. He saw Ben Richardson, and Lee Terrill, and Bessie Wetherford, with a gangling boy clinging to her apron. They were calling to him, smiling. Friends. Neighbors.

He tightened on his reins, and the horse raised his head questioningly.

There was a new timbre to his voice as he spoke, quickly, ringingly, decisively, "Those folks will have to wait. Our ride is not finished. We've still one place to go."

Marylu's eyes were shining. "The Glory Oak?"

Kent nodded as the horses swung about and headed toward that towering landmark.

"The Glory Oak," he said.

Calling All Cars

(Continued from page 11)

run, receive directions shouted to them through the window at headquarters, jump into the car and hustle with siren screaming toward the scene of the hold-up, or drowning, or whatever the trouble may be. Sometimes they have to go right back to the location they just left.

Compare that system with radio! Patrolmen already in their car, cruising about from point to point, possibly already within a few seconds' run of the shooting that the voice from the dashboard instantly warns them about as soon as the word is received at headquarters.

One reason radio installation expense is no higher is because leading radio equipment companies are reputed to be carrying their police department work at cost, or even under cost. This is partially due to the competition among the four big fellows (General Electric, Radio Corporation of America, Westinghouse and Western Electric) and several smaller companies. A more important reason, however, is the value in good will and general promotion that police-equipment sales have on other branches of the business. It's a lot easier to sell radio sets of a particular make, for example, when the salesman can say, "They're made by

the same people who put in the radio your police are using."

Detroit was the first American city to use radio extensively in police work. That leadership was largely because of the personal interest, nearly twenty years ago, of Lieutenant William Potts, still in the Detroit Police Department today, as Signal Superintendent.

Lieutenant Potts saw the great importance of saving every possible second in getting men to the scene of a crime. Before radio was available he developed a flashing green signal light for patrol boxes. The light on any box could be set winking from headquarters. To any patrolman who saw it, it meant: "Call immediately." As a valuable time-saver, the system was installed in different American cities. It is still in wide use today.

About 1920, Frederick Lathrop, an army radio engineer, persuaded the owners of the *Detroit News* to install a radio broadcasting station for entertainment—WWJ, one of the first of its kind. (WWJ, as a matter of fact, claims it was the first, but the claim is disputed in Pittsburgh.) Potts got Lathrop to build a receiving set for the police station. It was hooked in on the *News* frequency.

The next step was to try out receivers in cars. The *News* would put through experimental messages on its wave-length of 345 meters. A lot of trouble was experienced because of vibrations. Finally the police put in a transmitter of their own, obtaining a Federal license to broadcast on 278 meters. To secure a Federal license they had to broadcast entertainment as well as police calls. Up to that time nobody else seemed to realize the possibilities of radio for police work. Between calls to his experimental cars Potts had to put on phonograph records of various kinds in order to hold his license. He even called in comedians.

It took money to do these things. It was hard to get. From the very first that has been the big police department problem, so far as radio is concerned: how to get the money. It still is. Potts had to begin with only one man on the radio pay-roll, and even that was unofficial—a single operator quietly transferred from regular signal work.

The Detroit police radio station was called, appropriately enough, Station KOP.

In 1924 they got a break: the first really rapid radio case on record. A lady on Burnett Avenue, knowing

that her neighbors across the quiet residential street were all away from home, noticed lights moving about in the supposedly empty house. She telephoned the police. The call was immediately transmitted to one of the experimental radio-equipped cars which happened to be within a block of the address given. Within 30 seconds of the broadcast the patrolmen were at the house, and in 58 seconds they had made their arrest: a nice pair of surprised burglars, their loot already done up in burlap bags ready to carry away.

The publicity secured from that case put police radio on its way. Fourteen cars were equipped with receiving sets. At last Detroit had a real radio-patrol.

By 1929 other big cities were beginning to fall in line. St. Louis was one of the earliest. That year in Detroit 22,598 police broadcasts were reported. They resulted in 1,325 arrests made in an average of 102 seconds. For nearly 600 of the arrests the average was only 80 seconds.

On any call to a bank Detroit custom has three cars respond. The first car to arrive reports at once to headquarters by telephone. Less than a minute elapses, ordinarily, between call and report.

By 1932, 139 cities were broadcasting. Since then the growth of police radio has been fairly steady. But even yet, remember, it is still almost unknown outside the United States and nearby Canada.

State-wide radio systems give police an even greater advantage than city systems can. With vastly larger areas to cover, the time saved becomes proportionately greater. Yet only half-a-dozen States out of forty-eight have as yet put in full broadcasting equipment—Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Missouri, Michigan and Ohio. The Illinois state system, installed in 1937, has eight transmitting centers, with 350 motorcycle receivers and 215 patrol cars. New York, Oregon and Washington are already partially fitted out. Iowa and Pennsylvania are both doing some experimenting of their own with last-word radio systems. Nearly a dozen other States have appropriations for installment. But the rest—more than thirty States—are still back in the Dark Ages, along with Europe and Asia and Africa.

All the early police radio was, of course, "one-way." Patrol cars could receive word from headquarters, but couldn't talk back. That's the way it still is, for the most part. Few of the larger cities have as yet gone beyond the type of equipment that started spreading rapidly in 1929. There are three main reasons for this: first, the greater expense; second, the more complicated problem presented when hundreds of patrol cars are transmitting on the same wave-length; third, the necessity, in large cities, for "pick-up" stations in two-way installations. Automobile transmitters have a radius, ordinarily, of only a mile or so, except under very favorable conditions. This necessitates additional receiving stations in different parts of a large city from which messages can come in by wire to headquarters. Boston, Massachusetts, was one of the first big cities to install a complete two-way system. While the cost of the sending and receiving equipment was not prohibitive, installation of the necessary pick-up stations and the extensive wiring system ran the total expense to more than a quarter of a million dollars. Kansas City, Missouri, and Detroit, Michigan, both have partial two-way equipment in use, and preliminary experimental work is going on in nearly all the other big cities, but it will be some time before the present more limited one-way systems are superseded all over the country.

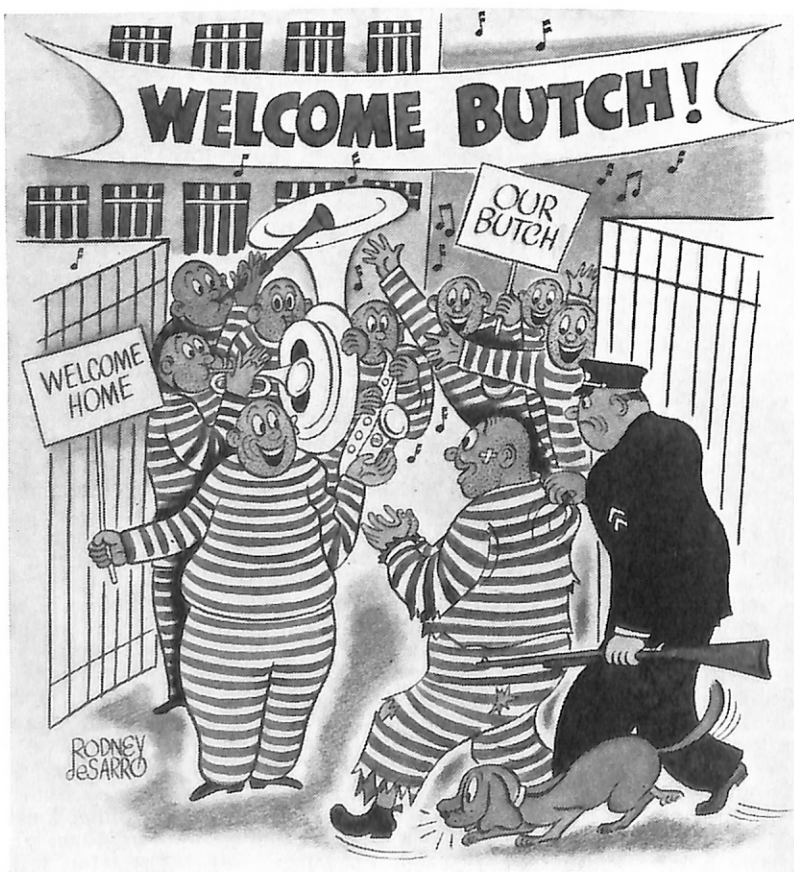
The picture is changing all the time, however, as new improvements are made. By next October a lot of existing equipment will have to be replaced in order to meet new Federal requirements, which have broken short-wave frequencies into a much greater number of new channels.

"New improvements" is a tame name for the fascinating developments that are going on all the time at the big radio research laboratories. For example, one of the companies recently developed, on a purely experimental basis, a combination transmitter and receiver no bigger than an ordinary cigarette case, with a radius of a couple of blocks. It was not put on the market; it cost too much, and was hardly practicable—but it gives you an idea of some of the stuff that may be lying just ahead of us.

In small towns two-way radio has the advantage of letting different patrol cars talk with each other. Patrolmen chasing a "hot" car down Front Street can call to the patrol car in the next zone to head the fugitive off. Or, in larger cities, half-a-dozen cars can close in on a suspect from different directions, keeping in touch with each other all the time. Of course, the same result can often be secured by sending a message through to headquarters and having it broadcast there, but that takes a little more time.

That two-way will eventually entirely replace one-way police radio seems unquestioned. While even one-way transmission means an immense time-saving over the old signal-box system, two-way equipment means, in many instances, a further saving of additional seconds or minutes.

The large police-radio companies say that about the greatest difficulty they encounter is the local contractor who offers to supply the home-town Force with "just as good" equipment that he will construct himself. The fact that a few States and big cities are conducting fairly extensive radio experimentation of their own gives a certain amount of color to his claim that he can do just as well as the big companies. Frequently his bid is lower than any other received. Since there is almost always present a perfectly natural desire to favor the home-town boy, the small local com-



"Gee, fellows, I don't know what to say—I wasn't expectin' nothin' like this—"

pany often gets the job. Then the trouble begins. As a rule, the locally-supplied equipment proves far less adequate than that turned out after years of experiment and research by the big companies; it often infringes, also, on closely-controlled patents. In actual cost it frequently runs far above the original bid or estimate. Beyond this, it almost invariably functions less satisfactorily and, through trouble and dissatisfaction, works against the installation of really good radio equipment in adjacent towns and cities.

Let's have another look at New York to get a general picture of present-day police-radio in action. New York, incidentally, began doing a little experimental work with police broadcasting as far back as 1918—even before Detroit—but nothing much came of it. Then, in 1932, when the first really big wave of radio adaptation to police work came along, New York equipped 168 cars with receivers—two for each of its 84 precincts. Almost immediately headlines began to make their appearance in the newspapers: "Caught by Radio Cops Pair Face Burglary Charges." "Radio Traps Busy Bandits." "Police Radio Alarm Traps Two at Hold-Up." "Radio Car Dash Traps Four As Coin Passers." "Radio Saves Woman From Choking to Death."

Gradually the number of radio-cars increased until the city now has in the neighborhood of 500 of them.

In the radio room at police headquarters a huge map of the city is

spread out on tables, dotted with more than 350 little numbered disks. Each disk represents a radio-car on active duty. Disks with white numbers represent two-man patrol cars; disks with yellow numbers represent cars with a sergeant in charge, or "cruisers." The map is divided into precincts by red lines. Precincts are divided into zones by green lines. Each zone has one or two, sometimes three or more cars, patrolling only in that particular area, unless ordered to go elsewhere. The disks are thickest where the population is thickest. Main arteries, bridges, in fact the entire city, can be noted at a glance.

Every half-hour a time announcement goes out to check receiving sets. Any car failing to get its regular time signal will at once report in to headquarters from the nearest telephone. A ring is immediately dropped around its number disk on the map, showing that car will not receive broadcasts until it is repaired or relieved.

A TELEPHONE call comes in to headquarters. If it is anything requiring quick attention the telephone operator relays it at once to the radio room.

Perhaps it tells of a burglary far uptown. The thief has apparently made good his escape to the flat house-tops. Each crime has a particular code number or word to describe it in broadcasts. The announcer glances at the table, gives the headquarters call and says,

"Thirty-seven,"—or whatever the particular code number for burglary is—"at —" and the address, "on the roof. Take it 214 and 216"—or whatever the numbers of cars in adjacent zones may be. The car already in that zone will cover it anyway. Three cars, all within a few blocks of the burglary, are immediately on their way looking for a suspect who has taken to the roofs. Yet only a few seconds have passed since the call came in.

NEW YORK, at the moment, sees no need for two-way radio officially. But all the time, it is safe to say, experiments with the latest-type equipment are going on. When hunting for criminals, the city can't afford to waste any precious minutes.

Law and order, civilization, police protection. These are grand phrases, but we accept them as commonplace. Our personal safety—the right to sleep at night without fear of robbery, the right to carry money or valuables when we walk about—these come home to us only when they are brought to our attention. Otherwise we take them for granted. We forget how essential they are to our happiness and peace of mind, our whole way of living. Yet we can have them only if police are able to check crime.

In that light, police radio is invaluable. Far ahead of the rest of the world though we may be, that only one American city out of three yet has it, staggers belief.

Three Score and Ten

(Continued from page 21)

accomplished there. Some must be done at home. Nerve palsies which result from shock or injury, fractures that have not united rightly, injuries to ligaments, muscles, joints and feet, which were contracted—these, and many more, require follow-up treatment. "Reconstruction" it is called: the rebuilding of men by surgery, by apparatus, by education, so that, in some cases, they may enter a mode of civil life entirely different from the one they left when they enlisted.

Fortunately, in studying this phase of war work, the Elks War Relief Commission had the benefit of the experiences of other nations. Statistics showed that three-fourths of all cases on the invalid list needed reconstruction treatment, ranging from tendon transplantations to education in the use of artificial limbs. With such evidence at hand, the Commission acted promptly. At the invitation of the Mayor of Boston, a site on Parker Hill in that city was purchased. A hospital of 700 bed capacity, which at one time was taxed to care for 823 patients, was erected

and fully equipped from the War Relief Fund. Completed, the Elks Reconstruction Hospital was turned over to the federal authorities on November 16th, 1918. It was the first of such hospitals in service and provided a model for later Governmental work in this field. When this hospital had completed its usefulness, it was re-sold to the city of Boston.

Much of the Order's war work can be given only brief mention. Members will recall the assistance, both financial and promotive, given the Salvation Army, which brought forth Commander Evangeline Booth's address of thanks at the Grand Lodge Convention of 1919, when she remarked: "I say without hesitancy that our Organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in the war but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks." It will also be remembered that the Order erected a building at Camp Sherman, Ohio, to provide accommodations for the families visiting the forty thousand soldiers stationed there.

Too brief is the mention that can be made of the work of the Elk lodges acting individually: the great majority of lodges that turned over their clubrooms for the use of war relief workers in their community; the millions of dollars of liberty bonds purchased with lodge funds; the assistance rendered unrelated organizations engaged in patriotic works—and in all cases where money was involved, that money was contributed exclusively by Elks of the Nation.

The payment to the European Relief Council of a sum which made Elks the hosts of thousands of starving children in Eastern and Central Europe; the hearty cooperation Elks rendered our Government in furthering the national movement for food conservation in our own country, may both be placed in the file of the Order's cooperation in the war. If an Elk, however, were tempted to single out and contemplate, with pardonable pride, one activity, it would most probably be the Order's extensive work in Vocational Education.

As pointed out above, three-fourths of the ex-service men on the invalid list needed treatment in a reconstruction hospital to refit them for civil life. The other fourth required assistance, too. Unable to return to their line of occupation, many needed training for some other branch of industry if they were to live independent lives. Congress made provision for this training by setting up the Federal Board for Vocational Education. The Elks War Relief Commission, however, perceived several opportunities for correlative work in this direction.

In the first place, the law Congress passed was not all-embracing. It did not provide for those who were injured before the law became effective. It did not provide for the men who were injured while in service but not in the line of duty. It did not provide for the American boys who enlisted in the armies of the Allies before America entered the war and who were injured.

In the second place, the legal machinery was somewhat cumbersome. Disabled men could enter vocational training only after their cases had been passed upon, and the flood of applications when the armistice was signed precluded an immediate approval. Still another shortcoming was recounted in a letter from James Munroe, Vice Chairman of the Federal Board. "As you know," he wrote, "no government money can be paid in advance and there must always be a period of at least a fortnight from the time that a man is put in training until he can receive his first government check and, in addition, there are a variety of occasions when men need financial help which the limitations of government procedure do not permit us to extend."

To meet these needs, the Order, through its War Relief Commission, established a revolving fund by which loans could be made at once to all injured service men. It was called a "revolving fund" because, as the first beneficiaries repaid their loans, the money was lent to someone else. In this way, the greatest number could be helped, with the least chance of offense. These loans were made without security, and it is a fine testimonial to our veterans that, of the nearly forty thousand loans made, approximating seven hundred thousand dollars, every one was repaid, except in a few cases of deaths.

That this system of extending financial aid was successful may be seen from the expression of Honorable Simeon D. Fess, as Chairman of the Committee on Education, of the House of Representatives. "The government certainly appreciates the work that the Elks organization has done," Congressman Fess said. "Your example of a revolving fund is a very good one for the government to follow. However, that has never before been presented to us; for that reason the Committee owes

more than the usual gratitude to you for coming to us and giving us this clear statement of the work of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in cooperation with the government."

Another expression came to the War Relief Commission, this one more personal in tone. It was from Melville C. Romig, a crippled soldier.



Written in verse, it was entitled, "The Elks Fund", and read:

When you first leave the service,
And you feel broke and nervous,
And everything seems to go wrong,
You haven't much money
And you think its quite funny
The Gov'ment don't help you along.

You gave your very best,
You stood the acid test,
And then you were injured for life,
And you felt very sore
That Uncle Sam should ignore
Your kids and your home and your wife.

But remember the fellow
Who turned everything mellow
When your pay check was long overdue?
He said you could borrow
Today or tomorrow—
From the Elks Fund—and you found it true.

So the soldiers give praise,
To their friends of the days
When they needed help from a brother.
The Elks won't regret it,
And we don't forget it—
We'll remember them just like a mother.

The question has often been asked: If the Elks were so thoughtful of the comfort of men in the service, why did they not establish a club house abroad where their own members might congregate and enjoy social contacts? The answer is—the Order did make an effort to do so. That the idea was impractical is shown by General Pershing's interesting letter to our then Grand Exalted Ruler:

"AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
France, March 21, 1918.

Mr. Fred Harper,
Grand Exalted Ruler,
B. P. O. Elks,
Lynchburg, Virginia.
Dear Mr. Harper:

I am in receipt of your letter of January 25th regarding the establishment of a club in Paris or some other French city for the benefit of the members of the B. P. O. E.

While fully realizing the advantages to be derived from such a club, I am constrained to disapprove your plan, for the present at least, after considering the matter in all its phases. The sanction of the establishment of your club would create a precedent for similar requests from other fraternities, as well as many state and religious organizations, all of which would require more or less supervision and administration from my headquarters and would, moreover, involve the question of tonnage and supply to the detriment of our primary needs.

The problem of recreation for our forces has been the subject of considerable study and it is believed that our immediate needs have been fairly well met. I wish to assure you, however, that your generous offer will be borne in mind with a view to further consideration should, at some future date, the time seem propitious.

I thank you for your interest, and with assurances of my very best wishes, believe me

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) John J. Pershing."

This reference to General Pershing, who long before the war had been, and still is, an Elk, brings to mind the visit he made to New York Lodge on September 9, 1919. After leaving the pungent smell of gunpowder behind him, General Pershing, on his return to the land he had well served, was tendered a formal reception in New York City. He withdrew for a time from that public celebration to appear at the home of the Mother Lodge and commingle with Brother Elks. Naturally, many words in praise of his accomplishments were spoken to him. With characteristic adroitness, however, he diverted the commendation back to the admiring Brothers in this extemporaneous address:

"No one knows better than an Elk what the Order stands for; and realizing, as I do, just what the vows of an Elk require him to do, prescribing in many ways the conduct of his life, I can readily appreciate, and do appreciate, the great work that has been accomplished by this Order.

"We who were fortunate enough to be sent to the battlefields of Europe to represent our people, felt that we had a united nation behind us; and I know of no organization or body of men whose patriotism, whose loyalty, and whose benevolence, have contributed in a greater degree to making that a possibility. We have felt not only the spirit of your patriotism, but we have felt the national benefit of your efforts to carry forward the principles for which America has stood in this war.

"I am proud to be able to say this to you so soon after my return to the homeland; and I wish to congratulate you, and Elks everywhere, for what you have done."

A short time after the return of our boys from the other side, the Order, in 1920, conceived the thought of erecting to the memory of its seventy thousand members who were in the service, and its more than one thousand Absent Brothers who had made the supreme sacrifice, an en-

during tribute in bronze, marble and stone. It stands today in Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, as the Elks War Memorial Building.

The Grand Exalted Ruler entrusted the erection of this memorial to a commission whose personnel was made up of those leaders of the Order who, either as regular or ex-officio members of the War Relief Commission, had devoted so much time and attention to war work. That they prosecuted with as patient fidelity and wisdom their assignment of creating the memorial, is evident to all who have inspected it. In its grace, size, and perfection of detail, the building can be seen as a fit and poetic voicing of these sentiments for their war heroes which the Elks desired to express.

So deeply impressed by the memorial was O. L. Hall, co-editor of the *Chicago Daily Journal*, that he composed and published these lines in his columns:

THE ELKS MEMORIAL

There it stands—
Gazing out of golden eyes
At the emerald wood
And at the amethyst sweet-water sea.
It is as the Roman Pantheon was
When the Pantheon was new;
Or it is Greece re-created,
In line as pure as ever was drawn
By Athenian architect to adorn
The high Acropolis.
Upon the very day of its creation
It presents to all the world a classic face;
To all the world it speaks:
"See, thou maker of ugliness,
How readily beauty comes from thy hands
When beauty is in thy dream.
This is a jewel of peace,
Bought with the blood of heroes;
The calm magnificence of its shining front
Betokens the fraternity
That has everlasting hatred of war.
So lovely a thing it is
That eye may not rest upon it
To be reminded of strife,
But only of beauty."

As was pointed out in the first installment of this historical sketch, the creation of the Elks National Home implied the Order's first concrete expression as a national force. Charitable works, War Relief activities, and erection of the Memorial Building made for other such unified voicings. The next act of the Grand Lodge had a character less of sentiment than of utility. Yet, it grew out of these fraternal and patriotic activities.

Up to 1921, actions of the Grand Lodge and messages of the Grand Exalted Ruler, were made known to members in three ways: first by a report at a lodge meeting from the delegate who had attended the Grand Lodge Convention; second, by an official circular read in a meeting, and, third, by miscellaneous publications which, printed in different localities, featured Elk news.

The first and second methods were not altogether satisfactory. No mat-

ter how interesting and complete might be a delegate's report, and no matter how timely and informative might be a Grand Exalted Ruler's circular letter, they would not reach the ears of all members for the simple reason that not every member could be expected to be present at every meeting. The third method was not satisfactory because the Elk periodicals were not subscribed to by all Elks, nor were these papers in all cases of a class that made them suitable heralds to spread news of the Order.

In two respects, the need for a dignified, responsible medium of communication was evident. The Order's rank as the leading American fraternity had to be upheld. The usual channels of information had to be supplemented if all members were to be furnished promptly with knowledge of undertakings—if the fraternity, despite size, were to retain its original cohesiveness. At the Los Angeles Convention in 1921, the Order made provision for the establishment of such a national journal, to bear the plain title: *The Elks Magazine*.

The task of preparing a magazine which would best suit the purposes of our Order was again entrusted to those past leaders who had given service on the War Relief Commission. Already supervising, in behalf of the Order, the erection of the Memorial Building, their assignment was a dual one.

The first issue of *The Elks Magazine* was published in June, 1922. Since then its monthly copies have appeared regularly, and they in themselves furnish the best proof of the Magazine's excellence as the organ of the Order. In the quality of cover designs, illustrations, general layout and advertising, the Magazine compares favorably with other established periodicals, and stands unquestionably at the head of publications in the fraternal field. In editorial content it is a fit magazine, as it was meant by the Order to be, not only for Elks themselves, but for their families. Manuscripts are scanned for anything of a controversial, sectarian, or political nature that may be offensive to members and their wives, and for anything of a tendency that may be unwhole-

some for children. It is one publication that is looked forward to by parents, not only with interest, but also with confidence. Of course, the separate issues fulfill their prime duty. Carried to his desk, or his easy chair at home, they keep the member who may have been prevented from attending a meeting of his lodge informed of his Order's doings. All official communications and proclamations, all undertakings and activities of national interest in the realm of Elkdom, are contained between their covers for inviting study and future reference.

Whatever the Order has forged has been enduring. The National Home has existed some thirty-five years. The war relief work lives on in the stately Memorial on Lake Michigan's shore. The national journal is in its seventeenth year. Two other movements, the Elks National Foundation and the Antlers, have just celebrated the eleventh anniversary since they were first introduced at the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati in 1927.

The action founding the Antlers was, rather than the creation of a new activity, more a culmination of the Big Brother Movement of earlier days in our Order, in which members were urged to cultivate youths and exert, in a personal way, an influence to help mold character. The sixty or more lodges that have established units of our junior organization doubtless have found that their adoption of this method was a furtherance of the original purpose.

The Elks National Foundation came into being through the Order's desire to create a lasting agency for the dispensation of well-directed benevolence. Here, a problem had to be solved: What charitable work should be undertaken? The needs of different localities varying, one activity, one good work alone, could not be chosen to be carried on nationally. Benevolence is not national, but local, individual. What better agency, then, could have been formed than one to complement the activities already fostered by Elk lodges everywhere? Today the Foundation is recognized as benevolence in purest form: it goes about wisely doing good. Helping a crippled kiddie here, a destitute victim of calamity there, an ambitious boy or girl through college somewhere else, it loses its dignified title, and often its fraternal identity, and becomes, as the parish curate, a modest, sympathetic agent of society.

For the Trustees to administer the Foundation Fund, the Order again went over its list of Past Grand Exalted Rulers and drafted several of those well-loved and Elk-schooled gentlemen back into active service. That they have handled their trust in a most efficient manner is evident to all who know of the able way in which they have carried the Fund intact over a dizzy peak and past a treacherous valley in the capricious financial economy of the last decade.



The Elks Foundation began with a nucleus of one hundred thousand dollars endowed by the Order's Grand Lodge at the Miami Convention in 1928. Since then contributions by our lodges, by our members, by our Magazine, and gifts and legacies, some made by non-Elks, have swelled the Fund to several times its original size. Each dollar so contributed remains today in the investments of the Fund undisturbed. The interest has been used to promote philanthropic endeavors, but not one cent of principal has or can ever be touched. Moreover, every penny of interest earned has found its way into these social-conscious activities: none has been diverted to pay expenses of administration, which are borne by the Order. The Fund, therefore, can never diminish. It will go on and on, grow year by year, until eventually it must become a magnificent tower for the broadcasting of much happiness.

Elks must take joy in reading an-

nually, in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*, as part of the Convention news, the comprehensive report submitted each year by the Trustees of the Foundation. This report becomes the more interesting when it is viewed as a well-defined picture of the multiple good works of Elksdom. Through the Fund, lodges and State Associations have been aided in many ways: in the treatment and care of tubercular patients; in the establishment of a fresh air camp for crippled children; in the awarding of scholarships to worthy students; in the rehabilitation of crippled kiddies; in the operation of a free clinic. Annually, this composite picture of helpful and humanitarian efforts of our Foundation and our Order has been intensified by the Foundation's resume of the year's benefactions.

"There with commutual zeal we both
had strove,
In acts of dear benevolence and
love."

For seventy years, in time of war and in time of peace, the Elks have met in full measure their obligations as a fraternity composed of, by and for Americans. Thus the seventy-year record is set down in historical sketch. It is hoped that this information of our accomplishments may serve to remind those who already have a part knowledge, of the activities of the Order as a whole; and that it may effectually inculcate in the minds of the younger generation that the Order to which they belong practices what it preaches. It is thought, too, that with this knowledge members may reaffirm, and engender a great pride of membership, and a great admiration of the manifest worthwhileness of the Order as a multiform agency for good. If such desires achieve fruition, then the candle lighted by our inspired founders will continue to burn brightly in the years to come.

The Constant Stars

(Continued from page 23)

stumble out of the picture. Babe Ruth, to be sure, was a great guy when he had it, but did he have it as a fat, sedate gent of thirty-nine in 1933, chum? And how 'bout Frank Frisch, Bill Terry and Jimmy Dykes, on the far, feeble side of thirty-five? So poor, doddering Ruth won the game with one of his four-star specials, a home run; Frisch also exploded a homer; Dykes hit .667 for the game, and Terry, who certainly was getting no younger, had a three-year batting average of .400 for three All-Star contests when he quit the arena in 1935.

The following year the agitation against favoritism and sentimentality was effectively silenced when the fans were given the privilege of selecting the All-Star lineups through the agency of newspaper polls conducted in the several major-league cities. And once again the old, familiar faces were dominant. The players for both teams averaged more than thirty years of age, and the average major-league life of the men on the teams were practically identical—8.7 for the National League, 8.6 for the American.

The boys weren't pulling their punches when the teams were selected last year. The players picked to represent their respective leagues were chosen strictly and absolutely on the basis of their performances in the few weeks preceding the game, for the All-Star business assumed an importance in the bitter National vs. American League rivalry second only to the World Series. No player went to Washington just for the ride; no player got into the contest on the strength of prestige worn thin around the edges. The

most expert practitioners of the profession were there because they deserved to be. And so the starting lineup of the winning American League team, despite the inclusion of 22-year-old Joe DiMaggio, a sophomore in the big show, averaged thirty-one calendar years and nine major-league baseball years. The starting lineup of the National League, despite the presence of 24-year-old Johnny Mize, another sophomore, averaged a shade less than thirty, and eight years, respectively.

There was no telling the identity of the All-Star players for 1938 when this living, breathing, human document was written, but it was a predictive possibility that age, not youth, would be served. It was a cinch that Gehrig, Gehringer, Grove, Hubbell, Hartnett, Ott, Dickey, Averill, Bartell and Harder, all veterans of ten years' standing, would be nominated or there would be merry hell to pay. Revolutions have been fomented for more trivial reasons.

This is just as it should be, for baseball, the game with the strongest hold on the sports public, derives its chief charm from the constant stars who shine brilliantly and un-failing through the years. Enormous sums are spent annually by the magnates in the search for young, new blood, but it is a moot question whether the fans really want to see old favorites eased out of the picture.

In advanced cases of maudlin attachment for a veteran, who doesn't know his most ardent admirers from Adam's off-ox, the passing of an old-timer is accompanied by slobbering outbursts in the newspapers and in the bleachers, which are something terrific to see and hear. Time washes

away all sins and that sweet sentiment is never more pertinent than when applied to baseball. The customers who were loudly demanding a replacement for Oscar Twiggins, the war-horse who was stumbling around the premises on wavering legs, remember only Oscar's brighter, lighter years when he is handed his inevitable walking papers the following afternoon.

The fans' fond regard for the un-bearded old players is thoroughly understandable. Veterans seldom disappoint the home crowd; if they did, they would have been sent on their way long ago. They rarely "choke in the clutch" or break faith with the customers, as the rookies often do. And vaguely, sometimes poignantly, a man in the stands is reminded that he, too, is not as young as he used to be when a player he has been watching for years loses his job.

There is a certain sense of personal loss (only a baseball fan can read this without snickering) which cannot be exactly duplicated among the inveterate followers of any other sport. After all, there is a complete turnover of talent in college football every three years. From Gene Tunney to Joe Louis, a span of nine years, not a single heavyweight champion defended his title successfully. But the good ball player holds his public for ten years and the great one lingers on until he begins to look like a native of Shangri-La.

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, a ball player was as reluctant to admit he had left his twenties behind him as a perennial juvenile lead with falling hair and falling appeal at the box-office. In some of the

more notable cases, the principals were pitiful victims of amnesia or celebrated their birthdays only in Leap Years. It was remarkable how many men marked time furiously at twenty-nine. Rookies who had been knocking around the minor leagues for many seasons miraculously shed years as soon as they were bought by a major-league team, and claimed ages which strongly suggested they must have been child prodigies when they turned to baseball for a living.

Almost imperceptibly, the attitude of the players toward thirty as the dread deadline of their careers changed. John Picus Quinn held a big-league pitching job although he blandly confessed to forty-six years—and there was a persistent rumor in circulation that the amiable gaffer held the lime bucket for Abner Doubleday when the first diamond was laid out in 1839. Dolf Luque, a star in the 1933 World Series, certainly wasn't giving himself the worst of it when he admitted out loud that he was forty-three. Babe Ruth was the most feared batter in the game on the threshold of his fortieth birthday, and Rogers Hornsby was giving pitchers conniption fits in his late, tottering thirties.

The All-Star game, allying age under one banner, has helped enormously to convince the public and the players that the only worth while measures of an athlete are the batting and pitching, not the birth records. It is to be expected, perhaps, that men with several seasons of experience behind them should be in the majority when the All-Star teams are selected, for baseball is the most difficult of all games to play well and demands years of training before it can be mastered in all the details.

Yet it must be significant that the old guard has provided the big thrills in every All-Star game played. Ruth's homer was decisive in 1933. The pitching of Hubbell, who struck out Ruth, Gehrig, Simmons, Foxx and Cronin in order, and of Harder, who worked three scoreless innings to clinch victory for the American League, featured the '34 game. Foxx's homer was the pay-off in '35. Hartnett's triple was the sturdiest blow struck for the National League cause in '36. Gehrig's homer gave the American League momentum toward its eventual triumph last year.

Although two young guys named Joe—DiMaggio and Medwick—were the outstanding players of the 1937 season, the old-timers had a firmer grasp on the situation than ever before. Charley Gehringer won the American League batting championship and most valuable player award at thirty-four. Charles Leo Hartnett, a stylish stout who cannot run as rapidly as your dear, old, maiden aunt, had the best season of his career in his thirty-seventh year. Jim Turner and Lou Fette, 30-year-old rookies of the Boston Bees, won twenty games apiece for a team

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which made the White Sox of 1906, celebrated as the "Hitless Wonders", look like a devastating crew. Brooklyn's most effective pitcher was 38-year-old Waite Hoyt. Lou Gehrig and Carl Hubbell, both born in June, 1903, showed no diminution of their great talents. Tony Lazzeri, in danger of being ruled off the course for general decrepitude as early as 1932, was the leading hitter in the World Series with a cool .400. And with the launching of this current season, Lefty Grove, greatest pitcher of his generation, demonstrated he was all of that by winning with effortless artistry his first eight games.

It is not difficult to discover the reasons for the longer and fuller baseball life players are enjoying today. Club owners regard the hired hands as valuable pieces of property and protect their investments with better medical supervision and improved working conditions. Even more important are the enchanting salaries which have been paid for the last fifteen years. In the dark ages, \$3,000, considered a princely reward for a season, hardly was an incentive for a player to break his neck in an effort to get a few more contracts at the same figure. Now a man who has been around for any length of time can command \$10,000

to \$15,000 for six months of light exercise. Such money is a definite stimulant to a player; he can retire, fixed for life, if he takes care of himself and hangs on two, maybe three, more years after his normal expectancy.

Originally conceived as a means of raising money for the relief of old and indigent players, the All-Star game has shown the participants they need never draw upon the fund they have assisted in accumulating. A man, after all, is as young as he feels, and the All-Star game has offered conclusive evidence that a ball player in his thirties can be very spry and chipper, indeed.



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 20)

it unless you are ready to follow a father's tragedy to the very end, for the author won't let you go. William Essex tells the tragic story of the high hopes he had for his son Oliver, and how the latter developed. At the same time there are Dermot O'Riordan and his son Rory, who becomes Oliver's friend. The story is really that of the headstrong Oliver, who gets into the army, fights against the Irish, brings disaster on Rory and finally on himself. There are many fine passages, but the author's chief quality is his ability to cut deep into the feelings of the reader and make him a partisan, and I have heard readers violently debating passages in the novel. (Viking Press)

CLYDE BRION DAVIS, the newspaperman who wrote "The Anointed", has just published another novel, "The Great American Novel". This is written in the form of a diary kept by a newspaperman during the last thirty years. It records his ambition to write a novel, his interest in his family, his casual association with headline events, and his inability to rise above the routine. Thus Mr. Davis portrays the sort of newspaperman you don't see in the movies. The comment on events and people will interest those who recall them. Here is W. J. Bryan touring the country; here are echoes of the days when everybody said "I should worry" and read Harold Bell Wright; here is a cross-cut of the average man's slant on the war of 1914, Germany, Woodrow Wilson, prohibition, and the events of our day. A sort of record, by a little, ineffective fellow, of what

passed before his eyes and through his mind. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Schuschnigg Tells His Story

AT least one book that will go down in history as an original record has been published this year. It is "My Austria" by Kurt Schuschnigg, the last chancellor of German Austria. Here Schuschnigg describes his own development as a member of that Christian Social Catholic party which was making a compact state out of Austria when Hitler interfered. This was the party of Dollfuss, and for Schuschnigg it was the only solution for the harassed Austrians. It was a middle class government, supporting the Catholic church, which had charge of education, and suppressing the socialists and Nazis. Those who seek a better understanding of Austrian politics will find this a clear and even-tempered account; Schuschnigg evidently was at pains not to offend the Germans but to conciliate them. A long introduction by Dorothy Thompson tells what took place when Hitler demanded the resignation of Schuschnigg and the surrender of Austria. (Alfred A. Knopf)

Good Books are Piling Up

CHECK off a few good stories for your summer trip. "Cruising the Mediterranean", by Madeleine S. Miller and J. Lane Miller, is a book with a great deal of meat in it. Impressions, descriptions of places, historical details, many photographs—not merely a sketchy trip, but a

solid piece of writing. (Fleming H. Revell Co.) . . . "Arizona Cowboys", by Dane Coolidge. Not a long book, but an interesting one; Mr. Coolidge has also written "Texas Cowboys" and tales about mining and ranching, and has a large and enthusiastic following. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) . . . "The English Heritage", by Rex Welldon Finn. Of books about England there is no end, but then England is one of the most intricate and exciting nations in the world. This book is serious, but not heavy; the author describes the basic legacies of the various civilizations that have made Britain what it is: Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Norman, Tudor, Puritan and industrial. (Reynal & Hitchcock) . . . "We Too Are the People", by Louise V. Armstrong, is as fine a report on government relief as we have, because it tells not so much what the government tried to do, but how the needy people of a community in northern Michigan received it. The author, an experienced social worker, sees the human problem first, and writes a splendid book about it, full of anecdotes and case histories. Poses a basic American problem. (Little, Brown & Co.) . . . "My America", by Louis Adamic. The author of "The Native's Return" has told many stories out of American life in this book. With a deep sympathy for the under-dog, he studies the labor upheavals of thirty years ago and now, coming to independent conclusions, for he is not a political theorist and does not have to conform to anybody's platform. Some of the pen portraits of leaders are sagacious and true. Here is history and biography in a nutshell. (Harper & Bros.)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, offered an amendment to the resolution calling for a special meeting of the State Association this coming September to work out and adopt the details of the proposed plan. The resolution was carried.

Another important resolution was presented by P.E.R. B. B. Barefoot, Oklahoma City Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and one of the Judges of the Criminal Court of Appeals of Oklahoma. The resolution related to the aid of young men committed to the Oklahoma State Training School at Pauls Valley. The boys are under age and it is the hope of the Elks of the State to be able to help them get started on the right road when they leave the School. The resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to work on the plan and report at the September meeting, was seconded by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden of Alva Lodge and unanimously carried.

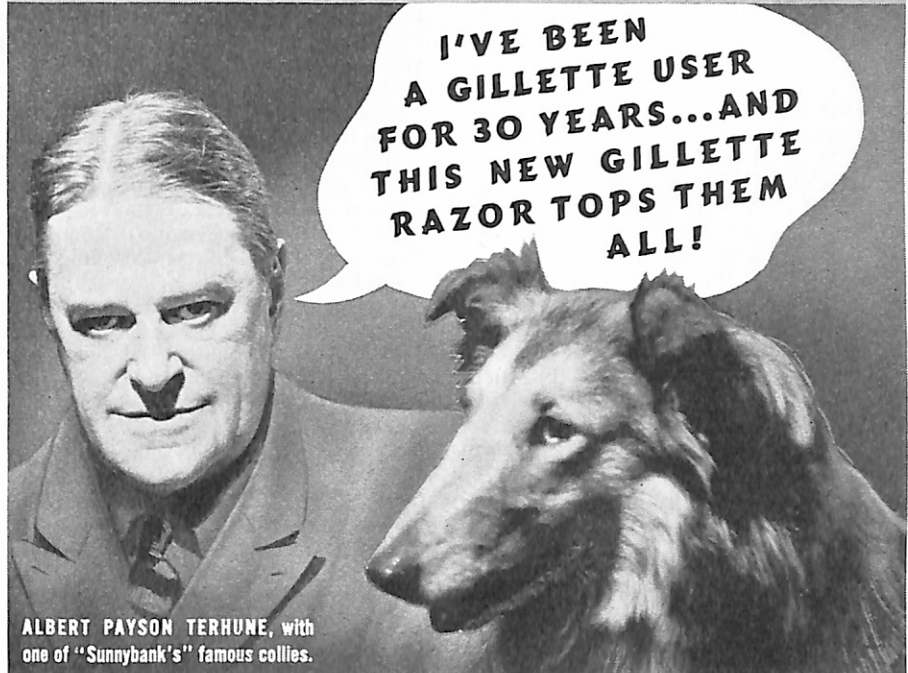
Pres. Guise, who was elected First Vice-President at the 1937 Convention and appointed last winter to the Presidency on account of the death of Pres. W. H. Hills, was elected President for the year 1938-39. The other officers elected are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., William L. Fogg, El Reno; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. H. Eyler, McAlester; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dr. G. R. Smith, Duncan; Treas., Harry A. P. Smith, Shawnee; Secy., R. V. Miller, Tulsa; Trustee for five years, Judge Barefoot; Trustee to fill the unexpired two-year term of Dr. M. J. Schwartz, resigned, D. E. Breeden, Alva. The officers were installed by Mr. Robertson. Tulsa Lodge will entertain the Association at the 1939 Convention.

Judge Barefoot made a fine address under Good of the Order in which he pronounced the meeting one of the best he had attended in years. Mr. McLean made the presentation of the trophy he had offered to the lodge gaining the greatest percentage in membership during the year. Bartlesville Lodge received the trophy with a percentage of 257.

KANSAS

The Kansas State Elks Association held its 33rd Annual Convention in Wichita, Kans., on May 15-16-17. A pre-convention meeting took place on the 14th, occasioned by the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, who was able to be in Wichita only the one day.

FAMOUS AUTHOR SAYS:



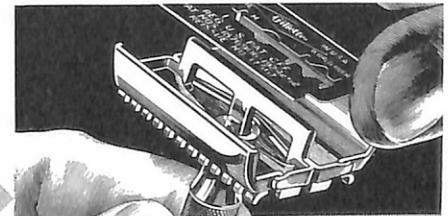
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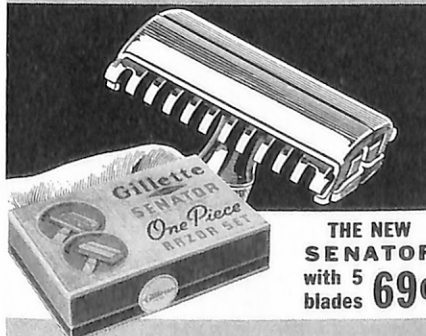
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Twenty-three Kansas lodges were represented at the Convention. Visitors were present from Mount Vernon, N. Y., Ottumwa, Ia., Albuquerque, N. M., and Bartlesville and El Reno, Okla. The total registration came to 445, including 344 delegates and 96 ladies. The Ritualistic Contest took place on Sunday, the opening day, under the direction of Past State Pres. Fred M. Brown, Chairman. Hutchinson Lodge was the winner, with Great Bend second, Pratt third, and Topeka fourth. Open House was held that night in the Wichita lodge rooms and a floor show was presented.

Pres. William D. Reilly of Leavenworth presided at the first business session the next morning. Whitney T. Woodburn, E.R. of the host lodge, Wichita No. 427, made the welcoming address which was responded to by the State President. The Invocation, given by the Rev. H. Clarkson Atwater, was followed by the introduction of Past Pres.'s H. Glenn Boyd, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Wichita, Walter Reed Gage, Manhattan, Fred M. Brown, Newton, W. R. McCormick and C. O. Broadley, Pittsburg, L. Timken, Augusta, and Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend, and D.D.'s Harold Schafer, McPherson, and John E. Larson, Ottawa. Impressive Memorial Services were held at 11 o'clock at a meeting open to the delegates and ladies. At the business meetings in the afternoon and on Tuesday morning, Children's Welfare Work, the furnishing of glasses for children with defective eyesight, Safety Program activities, a mid-winter meeting, a tri-State meeting with Oklahoma and Missouri if such can be arranged, and committee reports were among the matters submitted and discussed.

The annual banquet was held Monday evening in the lodge room, with 500 Elks and ladies in attendance. Addresses were made by State Pres. Reilly, and George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Chairman of the Grand

Lodge Auditing Committee. The banquet was followed by a dance. The visiting ladies were guests at luncheons and a bridge party given for them, and were entertained with the delegates at several Dutch Lunches at the lodge home. The fine musical organization from Augusta gave a Sunday afternoon concert.

The Association elected its 1937-38 officers as follows: Pres., Fred D. Straley, Topeka; 1st Vice-Pres., J. J. Hess, El Dorado; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. H. Morton, Winfield; 3rd Vice-Pres., Gerald F. Smith, Manhattan; Secy., Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend; Treas., C. F. Clark, Hutchinson; Trustees: Fred Toms, Newton, Ed. F. Dooley, Hutchinson, and C. G. Brosius, Wichita. They were installed by Mr. Boyd. Pittsburg was selected as the Convention City for 1939, and it was recommended that the State Committee on Judiciary present at the midwinter conference an amendment to the by-laws providing for a two-day convention instead of three.

KENTUCKY

Endorsement of the activities and work of the Anti-Tuberculosis Committee and the Brown Scholarship Fund Committee, addresses by Exalted Ruler R. A. Willard of the host lodge, Middlesboro, Ky., No. 119, Governor Albert B. Chandler, a member of Frankfort, Ky., Lodge, and Mayor W. K. Evans, a local member; concerts by Col. James A. Diskin's Kentucky Colonels' string orchestra; visits to scenic and historic places of interest in Southeastern Kentucky, and the election of new officers, were some of the outstanding features of the Kentucky State Elks Association Convention held on May 24-25-26 at Middlesboro. The meeting was a success from every standpoint and a resolution was adopted by the Association during the proceedings, thanking the local lodge for its hospitality and its efforts in carry-

ing out a well planned program.

The election resulted in the installation of 1938-39 officers as follows: Pres., Abner Johnston, Madisonville; 1st Vice-Pres., W. J. Collins, Middlesboro; 2nd Vice-Pres., Fred A. Nolte, Ashland; Trustees: La Vega Clements, Owensboro, James A. Diskin, Newport, and James B. McCarthy, Richmond. Richard H. Slack, Owensboro, was reelected Secy.-Treas. for the 13th consecutive year.

Retiring Pres. William M. Sellmeyer, Covington, who presided over the business sessions, was honored for his year's work by being made a life member. D.D.'s Clyde R. Levi, Ashland, and Edward C. Walker, Frankfort, reported a net gain of 309 members in the lodges belonging to the Association. A silver loving cup, donated by Col. Diskin, a Past State President, and his brother, Commonwealth Attorney L. J. Diskin of Campbell County, was presented to Ashland Lodge for coming the longest distance and bringing the largest number of delegates to the Convention. Gov. Chandler praised the Elks for sponsoring the movement to increase the facilities of the Hazelwood Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Louisville. The nine member lodges of the Association raised \$2,500 for this purpose and Gov. Chandler made an appropriation of \$50,000 out of his emergency fund. Dr. John B. Floyd, Richmond, Chairman of the Anti-Tuberculosis Committee, and Dr. Paul A. Turner, Medical Director of the Sanitarium, addressed the Convention. A resolution was adopted in which the member lodges pledged themselves to unite in an effort to raise \$5,000 for the work during the year 1938-39. The three-day meeting closed with the annual banquet held at the Cumberland Hotel. Before returning home, many of the delegates attended the annual Mountain Laurel Festival at Pineville, 25 miles from Middlesboro.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 37)

accompanied by the Elks' Band, also attended the Klamath Falls meeting. Major Hart returned, however, on Sunday for a day's fishing. W. F. Isaacs, a member of Medford Lodge, acted as host at his summer home, on the Rogue River, to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the other members of the fishing party—State Pres. E. W. Winkle, E.R. W. E. Lantis and Secy. Ernest L. Scott, Medford, and D.D. Harry B. Ruth of Eugene Lodge. The party spent the night at the Isaacs home.

At Klamath Falls, the Grand Exalted Ruler received a rousing welcome. He had been escorted from Medford by a flying squadron of Klamath Falls Elks. At the airport

he was initiated into the mystic rites of the Grants Pass Cavemen, after which he accompanied E.R. L. Orth Sisemore, of Klamath Falls Lodge No. 1247, into town to participate in a mammoth parade. The city was crowded with southern Oregon and northern California Elks, for the meeting was more than a local affair. Details for the celebration had been completed by P.E.R. Robert Thompson and his committee, and everything went off like clockwork. The big event of the visitation was the banquet that evening at the local armory. Major Hart delivered the principal address and an elaborate entertainment program was presented under the direction of Dr. S.

F. Scott. State Pres. Winkle and Mr. Ruth were among the distinguished guests.

The Kansas State Elks Association held its annual convention in Wichita on May 15-16-17, but Major Hart's itinerary allowed for but one day's visit there—May 14. A pre-convention meeting had been arranged and that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to more than 500 local and visiting Elks in the home of Wichita Lodge No. 427. Besides dwelling on national and worldwide conditions and the subject of traffic safety, he complimented the city of Wichita for winning second place among cities of its size in the National Safety Council competition.

E.R. Whitney T. Woodburn presided. Dr. R. M. Gouldner, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Safety Committee, Capt. E. P. Moomau, head of the Traffic Division, and Chief O. W. Wilson and Stanley Abercrombie of the Police Department were special guests, and each spoke briefly.

Before the meeting a private dinner was held in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor at the Lassen Hotel. Among those present were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight H. Glenn Boyd, Secy. of Wichita Lodge; State Pres. W. D. Reilly, Leavenworth; Past State Pres.'s Wayne H. Lamoreux, Grand Bend, and Walter Reed Gage, Manhattan; D.D.'s Harold Schafer, McPherson, and John E. Larson, Ottawa; C. C. Evans, Lawrence, and Mr. Woodburn. P.E.R. Claude I. Depew of Wichita Lodge was Toastmaster.

The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at a huge Americanism rally, sponsored by Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, on May 18. The rally was

preceded by a parade, led by a police escort, in which city officials and veterans' organizations participated. Major Hart, E.R. John P. O'Connor and Mayor Harold Mason rode in the first division directly behind the colors. The rally was held in the South School in Glen Cove. Members of the City Council and the Board of Education were seated on the dais with the speakers and distinguished visitors.

Not only the Elks of Plattsburg, N. Y., but delegations from practically all of the lodges in the Northeast District of the State joined in a demonstration of welcome when Grand Exalted Ruler Hart paid his official visit to Plattsburg Lodge No. 621 on May 29. Mayor Leander A. Bouyea and other city officials as well as dozens of local organizations cooperated with E.R. G. H. Douglas and his committees to make the welcome an outstanding event. Major Hart's address was the principal feature of the meeting, one of the best ever held in the section.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

Huron, S.D., Lodge Celebrates Its Fortieth Anniversary

The celebration of the 40th anniversary of the founding of Huron, S.D., Lodge, No. 444, was opened at 5 P.M. on March 29 with initiation ceremonies honoring D.D. H. Glee Tarbell of Watertown, and presided over by E.R. W. C. Welter. Visiting Elks were present from several other lodges of the State. The S.D. State Elks Association was represented by Pres. E. B. Peterson, Sioux Falls, and Secy. Carl H. Nelles, Madison. The program included the anniversary banquet at 7 o'clock, attended by more than 300 Elks, a meeting at which the eight living charter members were introduced, and a session of informal fraternizing. Participating in the entertainment were the Huron Elks Chorus and a quartet from Sioux Falls Lodge costumed in the mode of the late Nineties. During its 40 years of existence, Huron Lodge has been prominently identified with the city's development and progress, largely through its social and welfare activities. While outlining its history, P.E.R. B. B. McClaskey spoke of the building and enlarging year by year of the combined lodge home and hotel—the Marvin Hughitt—which was solely a Huron Lodge project. The

structure is one of the finest in the State and was completed in 1928 at a total cost of over \$600,000. The other speakers, who were introduced by Chairman E. C. McKenzie, P.E.R. and a Past State President, were Pres. Peterson, D. D. Tarbell and P.E.R. George C. Fullinweider, State Trustee.

California Lodges Visited by State Pres. C. Fenton Nichols

Since his election to the Presidency of the California State Elks Association last September, P.E.R. C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, has traveled all over the State in carrying on the duties of his office. On his visits to the various lodges, he also availed himself of the opportunity to perform his duties as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. In eight months he had already met with 50 of the 78 lodges of the State. Attentive and courteous receptions were accorded him.

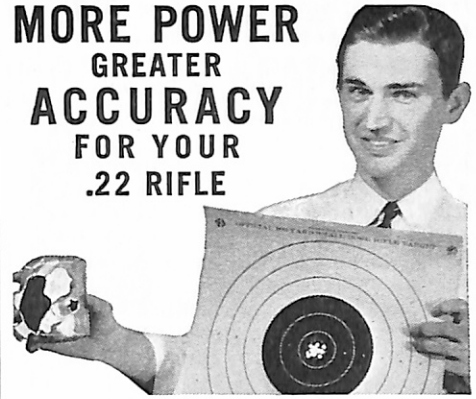
Especially gratifying to Mr. Nichols was the fact that on almost all of his visits he met Elks who had been Antlers before they became eligible for initiation into the Order. His talks have been equally helpful to the lodges and the junior organizations which they sponsor.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

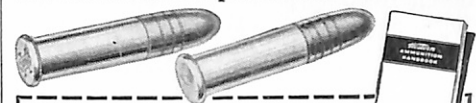
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Harper Memorial Theatre Building Dedicated at Elks National Home

Exercises dedicating the Fred Harper Memorial theatre building at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were held on Sunday afternoon, May 22. The building is the gift of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Robert South Barrett, P.E.R. of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. In making the formal presentation to the Grand Lodge, Dr. Barrett stated that the building had been constructed for a dual purpose—for the pleasure of residents of the Home and to commemorate the life of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper who loved the Home so dearly and had been responsible in such a great measure for its development. The theatre building was accepted by the Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, P.E.R. Henry A. Guenther of Newark, N. J., Lodge. The Eulogy on Mr. Harper's life was given by his fraternal associate and close friend of thirty years, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland of Washington, D. C. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart addressed the audience, speaking for the Order and thanking Dr. Barrett on its behalf.

Presided over by W. Camp Abbott of Newport News, Va., Lodge, Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., the exercises were opened with an organ prelude by Dr. Thomas W. McCrary. Prayer was offered by N. H. Morgan, a member of Mr. Harper's lodge, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321. The Choir of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, gave several selections. Six hundred visitors were present. The dedication took place during the annual meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees which had just closed, and in addition to those leading Elks already mentioned, was attended by Grand Trustees John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., William T. Phillips, New York City, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D.; Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, New York City, and Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., a member of the Grand Forum. Mr. Harper's daughter, Mrs. Walter Briggs, and Mr. Briggs came from Boston to be present. Mrs. Barrett and many members of the families of other Grand Lodge officials, including Mrs. Hart, wife of the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended.

After the exercises in the theatre had been brought to a close, a memorial tablet to Mr. Harper, the gift of the Va. State Elks Assn., was presented by the State President, Mr. Abbott, and unveiled by Miss June Scott, daughter of Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home. The tablet is placed on the wall of the portico near the entrance. The air-cooled building is constructed of fireproof cinder blocks and stucco. The auditorium has a seat-

ing capacity of 500 with more than the usual amount of spacing, as many of the residents of the Home use canes or crutches. The stage is 16 by 48 feet, and the silver screen is of the latest design.

The members of the Committee on Arrangements were Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke, Chairman, R. Chess McGhee, Lynchburg, Charles McKinney, Clifton Forge, M. P. Tanner, Lynchburg, and John I. Walker, Roanoke. The event was preceded by a picnic lunch on the lawns and a band concert by the Bedford Firemen's Band.

Large Increase of Membership in South Haven, Mich., Lodge

South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509, reports the past lodge year as the most successful in its existence. Applications began to come in last October and classes initiated gained in the number of members straight through the next six months. Fifteen were initiated at St. Joseph, Mich., when the Elks of South Haven made their inter-lodge visit in February. In March a class of 67 accompanied about 90 members to Muskegon, Mich., Lodge for a banquet and meeting at which the Drill Team of Manistee, Mich., Lodge performed the initiatory work.

Dedication at Allentown, Pa., of the Lawrence H. Rupp Memorial

The stately memorial shaft erected by the Grand Lodge in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, P.E.R. of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, was dedicated on April 30 at Fairview Cemetery, Allentown. The monument was unveiled by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge.

The dedication program was continued in the lodge room. Eulogies were given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, and E.R. R. P. Stimmel, former Judge Claude T. Reno and Attorney Orrin E. Boylan, Allentown. Mr. Grakelow expressed the gratitude of the Order for the services of its late leader. Mr. Rupp was elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the 66th Session of the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City in 1930. Judge Reno represented the community, and Mr. Stimmel spoke for the local lodge. Mr. Rupp's distinguished career as a lawyer was cited by Mr. Boyle, representing the Lehigh Bar Assn., of which he is President. The choir of Grace Episcopal Church assisted in the ceremonies. The Rev. A. R. Reiter of St. John's Lutheran Church gave the invocation and pronounced the Benediction.

The members of the Memorial Commission in charge of the erection of the monument were Mr. Grakelow, P.E.R. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and P.E.R. Gurney Afferbach of Allentown who was Mr. Rupp's Secretary during his

term of office as Grand Exalted Ruler. The granite shaft stands over eight feet. Its design symbolizes the four cardinal principles of the Order. The monument also bears a carving of the insignia of Allentown Lodge. The dedication took place just one day after the second anniversary of Mr. Rupp's death. Attending the ceremonies were men who had been close to him in his profession, his civic interests and his fraternal life.

Nationally Known Elk, Caspian Hale of New Smyrna, Fla., Dies

Hundreds of friends and fraternal associates paid their last respects to Caspian Hale, who died on May 24, at the funeral services held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in New Smyrna, Fla. Interment was at Edgewater Cemetery. The active pallbearers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Daytona Beach; James P. Newell, Fort Pierce, Secretary to Mr. Sholtz during his term as Grand Exalted Ruler; State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; D.D. I. Walter Hawkins, De Land; P.D.D. Dr. R. L. Thompson, Daytona Beach, and John S. Duss, Jr., a member of New Smyrna Lodge and President of the local Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Hale, P.E.R. of New Smyrna Lodge No. 1557, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in 1936-37, and a Past President of the Fla. State Elks Assn., died at the East Coast Hospital in St. Augustine, Fla. He succumbed to an operation for acute appendicitis. His widow, his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Robertson of New Smyrna, and a brother, Frank O. Hale of Manhasset, L. I., N. Y., were at the bedside. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1888. He was serving his second term as Representative from Volusia County at the time of his death.

Mr. Hale was a charter member of New Smyrna Lodge and served two terms as District Deputy for Florida East. He was made an honorary life member of his lodge five years ago at the fourth anniversary of its founding. The ninth anniversary meeting and the Elks' Annual Charity Ball, scheduled to be held on May 25, were postponed because of his death. To his bereaved family and his lodge *The Elks Magazine* offers its sincere sympathy.

Rome, Ga., Lodge is Instituted by Grand Trustee John McClelland

After a lapse of about 18 years, a lodge of the Order is again functioning in Rome, Ga. Under its old number, Rome Lodge No. 694 was instituted by P.E.R. John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. The officers were installed by D.D. Frank M. Robertson of Atlanta and 72 new members were initiated by the Atlanta officers and Degree Team. State Pres. Charles G. Bruce,

also of Atlanta, welcomed the new lodge into the Georgia State Elks Association. Prominent Elks from all over the State attended, and D.D. Joe W. Anderson of Chattanooga, Tenn., was present. S. Holmes Smith is the Exalted Ruler of the newly instituted lodge and H. J. Stewart is Secretary.

Winners of Elk Scholarships in the State of Connecticut

At the close of the meeting in New Haven of the Connecticut State Elks Association Commission, it was announced that Joseph P. Cummings, Jr., a sophomore at Notre Dame University, had been selected among 35 applicants as this year's winner of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$350. The announcement was made at the same time that John E. Gallivan, of Hartford, Conn., a junior at the Hartford College of Law, had been chosen to receive the State Association Scholarship of \$150.

Joseph Cummings is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Cummings of Norwich, Conn. He was graduated from the Norwich Free Academy in the class of '36. While in high school, he was a valuable member of the basketball team. As a student, he has always maintained a high scholastic record. His general average for his freshman and sophomore years at college is approximately 93 per cent. Young Mr. Cummings enjoys great popularity with his classmates. He is 18 years old.

Annual Mother's Day Services at Elks National Home

The annual Mother's Day services at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were largely attended this year by visitors from Lynchburg, Bedford and Roanoke. The Bedford Firemen's Band gave an outdoor concert before the beginning of the program which was opened at 3 P.M. by the Exalted Ruler of the Home Lodge, Daniel F. Edgington of Wichita, Kans. Several beautiful solos and vocal numbers by a mixed quartette were rendered.

The Mother's Day address was delivered by John P. Saul, Jr., of Roanoke. The Tributes of the day were given by Est. Lead, Knight George N. Rigby, Yonkers, N. Y., Est. Loy, Knight John H. Burden, Rochester, N. Y., Est. Lect, Knight Alexander Troublefield, Goldsboro, N. C., and Secy. George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va., all officers of the Home Lodge, the Introduction by J. Edward Moyler of Roanoke, and the Dismissal by the Chaplain, Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass.

George F. Laage of the Elks National Home Is Honored

The "George F. Laage Floral Park," named in honor of a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was dedicated recently before a crowd of more than a thousand Bedford citizens and

flower lovers from neighboring communities. The park site, an old slave cemetery, had for years been overgrown with weeds, but flower growing is Mr. Laage's hobby and he is expert in its accomplishment. He conceived the idea of converting the desolate place into a miniature floral park. Others co-operated and the old graveyard is now one of the beauty spots of the section.

Mr. Laage was introduced at the dedication by Judge J. Calloway Brown, Master of Ceremonies. Dr. T. Allen Kirk, President of the American Rose Society, was the principal speaker, and former Gov. Lee W. Trinkle of Roanoke also spoke. An impressive feature of the program was the singing of spirituals by the choir of the Washington Street Negro Baptist Church.

Hood River, Ore., Elks Anticipate Another Successful Year

A Skeet Club, organized by members of Hood River, Ore., Lodge, No. 1507, has met with great popularity and is bringing in a nice revenue to the lodge. The membership roll is growing and progress is being made with everything pointing to another successful lodge year.

Death of Secy. C. H. Simmons of Wilmington, Del., Lodge

Ritualistic funeral services were conducted on May 30 by E.R. Howard R. Frantz and the officers of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, for P.E.R. Charles H. Simmons, Treasurer of the lodge for eight years, and Secretary since 1919. Seventy-five members were present.

Mr. Simmons was elected Est. Lect. Knight in 1899, one year after his initiation, and from that time on held office continuously. In 1936 he was honored with the presentation of a life membership for his long and faithful service.

Dr. G. W. Randall, Prominent Alabama Elk, Dies in Florida

P.D.D. Dr. George W. Randall, aged 60, a Past Exalted Ruler of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710, died on April 1 at Sarasota, Fla. He had been in ill health for some time. Dr. Randall was a prominent dentist and a former president of the Alabama Dental Association. He was also engaged in the operation of several coal mines. Funeral services were held at the family residence in West Blocton. Dr. Randall was widely known as an Elk and was a Past President of the Alabama State Elks Association.

Some Worth While Activities of Greeley, Colo., Lodge

At the Rocky Mountain Music Festival held in Greeley, Colo., in April, the local high school band won a handsome silver trophy donated by Greeley Lodge, No. 809. The band was judged the best in the parade feature of the Festival in which

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To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

4,000 students from the schools of northern Colorado took part.

A committee appointed by E.R. Jack Kingsbury, represented Greeley Lodge at the first annual meeting of the Colo. Safety Council held May 4 in the State Capitol in Denver. Colored charts of road-side signs with descriptive matter, the work of a member of the committee, Forrest Powars, have been distributed in public buildings and schools in Weld County. Mr. Powars is in charge of road safety work in the county.

Middletown, N.Y., Lodge Honors Its Retiring Exalted Ruler

To show its appreciation of his fine administration, Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, presented retiring Exalted Ruler John J. O'Brien with an honorary life membership. The financial and social success enjoyed by the lodge during the past year was outstanding.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Buys Artificial Limb For Injured Child

Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, has purchased an artificial leg for a little girl who, for eleven months, had been walking on crutches after a year spent on a sick-bed. Two years ago, Florence Stolarz, eight years of age, while joining in an Easter egg hunt in a nearby park, ventured across the tracks and was run over by a train. The Elks saw to it that the leg was fitted in time for the child to wear it at the dedication of the "Florence Stolarz Bridge" which has been built over the tracks where the accident occurred.

Oswego, N.Y., Lodge Honors Retiring Exalted Ruler Dr. McCormack

At a recent meeting, Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, showed its appreciation of his two years of outstanding service by presenting retiring Exalted Ruler Dr. Frank M. McCormack with a life membership card in a gold case. Under his leadership improvements were made on the lodge home at a cost of \$10,000 and the members are proud of its handsome appearance. The presentation was made by P.E.R. John K. Lynch who has been active in the affairs of the lodge for 33 years.

Va. State Elks Hold Special Meeting at Richmond, Va., Lodge

A special meeting of all the officers of the Va. State Elks Assn. was held recently in the home of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45. Pres. W. Camp Abbott of Newport News presided. Dates were selected for the annual convention of the Association which will be held at Newport News on August 21-22-23. A fine program is being arranged.

Fortieth Anniversary Observed by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, the Mother Lodge of Alabama, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on

March 25 at the Tutwiler Hotel with a banquet and ball attended by 300 Elks and their friends. P.D.D. Harry W. English, the only surviving charter member, was a guest of honor. Mr. English was presented with an inscribed gold medallion by his lodge and a handsome gift from the Ladies' Kle Club. P.E.R. Fred L. Grambs, a first year member, received a gold Elk charm from his fellow members.

Tiler John C. Paige, of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, Dies

John C. Paige, Tiler and official host of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, passed away on April 8 at a local hospital. At the funeral services held in the lodge home, the Rev. L. O. Richmond, Chaplain, officiated, and the "Old Boys of 86" held their own services. Mr. Paige had been historian of their organization for many years. Burial took place in Elks Rest at Highland Lawn Cemetery.

Mr. Paige was one of the five surviving charter members of Terre Haute Lodge and also a life member.

Assistant Secretary of Labor McLaughlin an Elk for 36 Years

Charles V. McLaughlin, a member of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660, was recently appointed First Assistant Secretary of Labor by President Roosevelt. Mr. McLaughlin joined Cheyenne Lodge by dimit from Laramie, Wyo., Lodge, No. 582, and has been a member of the Order for 36 years. He is the senior Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers.

Union, N. J., Lodge Gives a Dinner-Dance on "John Albiez Night"

Visiting delegations from 20 lodges of the Central and Northwest districts of the State joined in the celebration of "John Albiez Night" held recently by Union, N. J., Lodge, No. 1583. This was the occasion of the homecoming visit of P.E.R. John J. Albiez as Vice-Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and he was honored with a dinner-dance given at Farcher's Grove, Union. Two hundred local members with their ladies and guests welcomed him.

Complimentary speeches were made during the evening by State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon of Elizabeth, D.D. Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook, Past State Pres.'s Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy, John H. Cose, Plainfield, and George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, and P.D.D.'s Edward L. Grimes, Somerville, and Louis R. Harding, Plainfield. Toastmaster Charles W. Mink, P.E.R., presented Mr. Albiez with a portrait of himself, suitably engrossed with the names of the lodge officers. P.E.R. William J. Leslie, Phillipsburg, who has attended every Grand Lodge Convention for the past 38 years, was among those present.

Elks Charity Ball and Exalted Ruler's Meeting at Latrobe, Pa.

Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907, gave its annual Charity Ball in May at the Mission Inn. Four hundred Elks and their guests enjoyed the event. An 11-piece orchestra furnished the music and a high class floor show was presented. On May 23, E.R. C. E. Lizza was host to the lodge officers at his summer home in the mountains near Ligonier, Pa. A great deal of business was taken care of and the rest of the evening was spent socially.

Salt Lake City Lodge—Notice to Bondholders

B. P. O. Elks No. 85 recently effected a settlement with holders of its First Mortgage Bonds covering property situate No. 139 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

It is important that anyone holding these bonds communicate with the Secretary of Salt Lake Lodge No. 85 at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Father and Son Head Carlsbad, N. M., Elks and Antlers Lodges

As the first step in its activities for the lodge year, Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, effected the organization of an Antlers Lodge. The formal institution took place on May 27. Carlsbad Lodge of Elks and its junior lodge are headed by a father and son, Leslie D. Israel, Exalted Ruler, and Creighton Israel, Exalted Antler. A fully uniformed Boy Scout Troop with a Bugle Corps is also sponsored by the lodge.

All Elks who contemplate a trip to the famous Carlsbad Caverns are invited to visit the comfortable home of the local lodge. Resident Secretary C. H. Neilson is always on hand to extend a cordial welcome.

Calif. S. Cent. Lead. Knights' Assn. Meets at Redondo Beach Lodge

A meeting of the Leading Knights' Association of Calif. S. Cent., was held recently at Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378. A splendid sea food dinner was served by P.E.R. E. E. Cassell. Music was furnished by the local Elks' orchestra, and a five-act vaudeville show presented by P.E.R. Russell A. Stapleton of Pasadena. Among the visitors were D.D. George D. Hastings, Glendale, and Exalted Rulers of 14 of the 19 lodges belonging to the Association.

Celebration of "Charter Night" at Vallejo, Calif., Lodge

Two hundred and fifty Elks were present at the celebration of "Charter Night" held by Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, in honor of its 14 remaining charter members. The lodge was instituted in 1900. After they had been guests at a dinner, the veteran members entered the lodge room in a body. During the meeting they were presented with the 35-year diamond-set gold pins adopted by the Calif. State Elks Assn.



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never get my nerves upset." Later—much later—Miss Tucker skips to the roof-top gym for a quick work-out. Next—shower—rub—a Camel—and she's off again! Tired? Miss Tucker's answer: "Camels give my energy a refreshing 'lift.'"

Cigarettes may *look* alike—but what an appealing difference there is in Camels!

As a smoker, you'll be interested to read what Miss Tucker, successful young office manager, said to Miss MacGregor about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes (at right).

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THERE ARE LOTS of Camels around Miss Tucker's living room. Miss Tucker says: "Camels are the favorite with my guests and are delightful for topping off a meal. I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

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"I know the tobacco in various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, 19 years a grower. "Camel got my choice grades last year—and many years back. I know Camels are made from **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine says, his tobacco brought highest prices. "Camel took my best lots," he says. "Other planters also got top prices from Camel for choice grades. I'm partial to Camels. Most growers here are too."